

DECEMBER 12, 1955

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IN THIS ISSUE
ALL-STAR
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London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg,
Tokyo, New Delhi, Singapore, Teheran, Hong Kong,
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san, Lima (Maurice G. Gifford, Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher R. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director: William W. Halman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S.
Possessions: Single Issues \$1.00, 1 yr. \$10.00, 2 yr.
\$18.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$12.00. Please
address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUS-
TRATED to the office and advertising department at
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 2 Rockefeller Plaza, New
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That's what HORACE SUTTON calls booming Acapulco, where new luxury hotels, dream cottages and fantastic, cliffside nightclubs are building up a golden resort by the *Mar Pacifico's* shore
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That well-known animal on four legs, the dachshund, has outlived the stigma of two World Wars to become one of the top dogs in America. REGINALD WELLS writes in story, RICHARD MEER photographs it in color
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Beetling's All-Star in Chicago epitomizes a shining new era of chromoplaid, moon-fight splendor on the alley. VICTOR KALMAN tells about it and discusses its brightest stars, who are presented in a gallery in color by RICHARD MEER
- 42 **CURLING: "BROTHERS A"**
'Tis a manly business, with its curious rules and the sweepers racing down the ice—but this ancient Scottish sport, reports ANDREW CACKRAN, is winning many a new friend in North America. With a full page picture in color by JOE CLARE
- THE DEPARTMENTS:**
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COVER: ALFRED'S JEWELL AND ALFRED'S ADAMS

Photograph by Richard Meier

The two miniature dachshunds on this week's cover are owned by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Farnham of Hicksville, Long Island, N.Y., and are typical of the toy-size specimens of this breed which are more and more finding favor with the public as pets suitable for apartment living. Ten years ago these miniaturs were seldom seen outside the kennels of experimental breeders. Today they are being bred in all three coat varieties of the dachshund—long, smooth and wire—but are not yet officially classified as a distinct variety. A report on the much maligned but now popular dachshund appears on page 36.

Advertisement on page 44

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: A BUILDERS' YEAR IN SKIING

A survey of new lifts, slopes and trails, with special attention to the multiple installations at Stowe in Vermont. Photographs in color, a map and text by Ezra Bowen

A DISCOVERY: WILLIAM LONG'S WORLD OF NATURE

A half century ago Dr. William Long was America's favorite nature essayist, but some of his finest works were never published. SI presents the first in a notable series

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Ron Albrook**, 24-year-old University of Michigan freshman, straled nearly seven 100-yard orthodes headstrokes in speedily 1:04.7 in preliminary of Michigan AAU championships at Ann Arbor (Dec. 3) to shatter existing American record of 1:14.1 set by Corporal Fred McGuire of Third Army last year.

● **West Side Beers**, led by Dennis Wright's perfect 300 game (his fourth), rallied pins for two national bowling marks in Uptown Three-Man Classic League at Milwaukee. West Side's 755 topped previous high of 751 for single game while 2,078 for three games (Dec. 1) surpassed own record made last month.

FOOTBALL

Ohio State's brilliant Howard (Hopalong) Cassidy, winner of Heisman and Maxwell trophies as nation's outstanding college player, was picked for Associated Press All-America backfield along with Jim Swink of Texas Christian, Earl Mornall of Michigan State and Tommy McDonnell of Oklahoma. The line: Ends Ron Beagle of Navy and Howard Schellenberger of Kentucky; Tackles Frank D'Agostino of Auburn and Paul Wiggins of Stanford; Guards James Brown of UCLA and Fausale Blomberg of Notre Dame; Center Bob Pelligrini of Maryland. Cassidy, Swink, Beagle and Pelligrini also were named as seven other All-Americans.

Duke, hard-pressed by underdog North Carolina, used second-quarter 35-yard touchdown run by sophomore Oliver Rudy to hold off stubborn Tarheels 6-0 at Durham, N.C., gained the win without Maryland for Atlantic Coast championship.

Cleveland's old pros Otto Graham and Lou Groza got whiff of playoff gold, were at their best as they led Browns to 30-7 victory over Pittsburgh Steelers to clinch sixth straight Eastern Conference crown in National Football League. Graham passed for two touchdowns, scored one on plunge while sure-footed Groza kicked three field goals, added as many conversions.

New York Giants, unleashing newly found offensive strength, hooked up in thriller with Washington, came from behind to win 27-26 as Ben Agajanian's 35-yard field goal, Charlie Cassady's 27-yard scoring pass to Kyle Rote, knocked Redskins out of race.

Los Angeles Rams built up early lead on power running of Tank Younger and Ronnie Walker and conservative punting of Norm Van Brocklin, held off rallying Baltimore Colts 28-14 to maintain slender lead in Western Conference.

Chicago Bears, bouncing back from drubbing by Chicago Cardinals, scored on Ed Brown's 29-yard toss to Bawles. BBE in final minutes, caught improving Detroit Lions 29-20 to remain close behind Rams.

Philadelphia Eagles throttled Chicago Cardinals 27-8 as Rookie Dick Diehl led attack with touchdowns, two field goals, three conversions; Green Bay Packers exploded for three scores in second period, went on to trounce San Francisco 28-7.

BASKETBALL

San Francisco, top-ranked in nation last year, picked up where it left off, opened season in fine style by running over Ohio State 70-39 and whipping Southern California 58-42 on fabulous Bill Russell controlled boards, scored 19 points to help stretch Don streak to 28.

Kentucky had tough time, finally squeaked past troublesome LSU 62-52 after

Phil Grossmeyer made difference with three quick layups.

North Carolina State, with big Ron Shavlik back, ousted Florida State 88-63, wallowed Penn State 78-42, showed it will rank up with leaders.

La Salle, without graduated Tom Gola and ailing injured Bob Maples, got past Millerville 88-78 but ran into strong Muhlenberg, bowed 69-58 to spoil new Coach Jim Pollard's debut.

Iowa, West Virginia, Utah, Dayton, Holy Cross and George Washington were among other expected leaders who opened with victories.

Philadelphia Warriors split four games with St. Louis, New York and Rochester, continued at top of Eastern Division of NBA as scorers shifted positions. On-the-move Syracuse took easy runner-up spot after beating Minneapolis twice 124-103, 102-86. Boston outlast Syracuse and St. Louis before losing to Fort Wayne 111-90, passed Knicks, hobbled by four-game losing streak, to take third.

St. Louis Hawks, despite high scoring of Bob Pettit, had so-so week, winning three and losing two, but held on to lead in Western Division. Rochester and Fort Wayne were tied for second while Minneapolis, unable to give big Clyde Lovellette helping hand, plummeted into cellar.

BOXING

Carmen Basilio, rocked by lethal punches in early rounds, craftily weathered storm, got his own power working in 12th, hammered worn-out Tony DeMarco unconscious to win by TKO, retained welterweight title before 12,275 who jam-packed Boston Garden. Bandy-legged Basilio, bruised and battered but happy, said he would honor contract to fight Johnny Saxton (who reportedly insisted on \$12,000 fee for being bypassed) in February. In New York, Boxing Commissioner Julian Hefland turned Gamble down on proposed Basilio-Saxton bout in Syracuse so long as Saxton is managed by Blinky Palermo (see page 44).

Vince Martinex, arifal welterweight contender, continued to campaign against pushovers, knocked out unknown Ernie Greer in three rounds at Spokane, listened to Basilio's opinion of him ("Martinex is a creep. He can't fight a kid. I have no reason to fight him... although I'd flatten the guy in nothing"), grinned and ventured that he expects to be fighting Basilio "soon."

Imae Logart, fancy Cuban imitator of Kid Gavilan, showed willingness to fight but got little cooperation from flakey Virgil Alkins, took 18-round decision in New York, also put in bid to face match-challenged Basilio.

Ewart Feigster, holding 334-pound South African Boer runner with powder-puff punch, announced retirement from

ring, asking, "What's the good when I don't seem to be able to hurt anybody?"

Joe Walker, New Jersey State Athletic Commissioner who last week was appointed chairman of NBA special committee to investigate alleged crime and corruption in boxing, resigned when Elizabeth (N.J.) Board of Recreation felt duties would interfere with his job as superintendent of recreation.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens, with Jean Beliveau, Maurice (Rocket) Richard and Berile (Boom Boom) Geoffrin, off injured list, providing hot stickwork, swept past Boston 2-1, Toronto 3-1, Chicago 3-1, held firm as National Hockey League leader despite challenge of ailing New York Rangers, who rolled over Chicago 6-1, 2-1, scored five times in last period to thrash Detroit 7-3, trailed by six points. Boston, nonvictorious in 18 straight games and hobbled by hometown fans, finally emerged from slump, shut out fading Toronto 3-0, to go into fifth-place tie with Maple Leafs. Chicago dropped three in row, shared third place with Detroit.

BASEBALL

Yogi Berra, hard-working catcher who helped New York Yankees win pennant with 106 RBIs, 27 home runs, outstranded Detroit's slugger Yankel Al Kaline by 17 points, was voted American League's Most Valuable Player for second straight season, third time in five years, by Baseball Writers Association. Elated Yogi received news with ear-to-ear grin, enthused, "No matter how many times you win it, it's still a thrill," eagerly looked forward to contract-talking time.

Brooklyn Dodgers, hoping to move out of antiquated Ebbets Field before too long, signed agreement to play seven National League games, one exhibition at Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium next year.

HORSE RACING

Willie Harstad, placidly riding wind, hosted home Archery at Tropical Park to become second jockey to win 400 races (the first Willie Shoemaker with 485 in 1953), was awarded gold cup and 18-day suspension (until Dec. 18) for allowing mount to drift out in race day earlier.

Trackmaster, who broke 18-race losing streak two weeks ago, responded to vigorous ride by Apprentice Dan Lewis, stormed through mud to take \$14,750 California Derby at Tandon, San Bruno, Calif.

Mrs. Hirsch Jacobs' 3-year-old bay filly Searching eased into early lead, maintained pressure under able ride by Conn McCrory to win by three lengths in \$15,000 Caliente Stakes at Pimlico, Md.

Nashua, rumored about to be sold at auc-

tion along with late William Woodward Jr.'s Belair Stud, got nod from TRA as best 3-year-old colt, seemed almost certain to be designated American champion later in week. Other TRA champions: Nail, 2-year-old colt; Naxina, 2-year-old filly; Misty Moon, 3-year-old filly; High Gun, older horse; Parlo, filly and mare; Noji, stallion.

AUTO RACING

Tim Flock, youngest member of Atlanta's most distinguished auto-racing family, won 18 races with his 1955 Chrysler 300, set 22 speed records while earning \$93,750 and 9,590 points, drove off with 1955 NASCAR title.

◆ 投資の価値

Oswald Jacoby, veteran Dallas strategist, and son James teamed up with Tenness George Heath, Ben Pais and P. H. Hodge to win 57½ matches, took open team-of-four championship in American Contract Bridge League national tournament at Miami Beach.

REFERENCES

Willie Mosconi, sharpshooting carmaster, had his shots clicking, whipped Irving Crane of Rochester, N.Y. 1500-678 to regain world pocket billiard championship at Philadelphia. Mosconi immediately offered to defend crown against all comers, tossed challenge at Harold Wurst, world three-cushion titleholder.

FIELD TRIAL

Cork of Oakwood Lane, Dr. A. Harold Merl's 180-pound black Labrador, got every duck and pheasant assigned to him in near-perfect trial on final day to run off with National Retriever Championship Stake held on Conway ranch at Sacramento, Calif.

SWIMMING

Hawaii's all-moving **Ford** **Kona** dominated AAU All-America swimming teams, was named for five events (220-yard, 200-meter freestyle; 400-yard, 400-meter freestyle; 800-meter relay). Other choices: Kerry Donovan, Hendrik Gidensee and Dave Armstrong of Yale; John Glover of New York AC; George Brown of Cortland (N.Y.) State Teachers; Yoshi Oyakawa, Dick Cleveland, Bill Wesley and George Oona of Hawaii; Bob Marston of North Carolina State; Bill York of New Haven Swim Club; George Harrison of Berkeley (Calif.) City Club; Jerry Harrison and Al Williams of Ohio State; Gary Tobias of Los Angeles; Frank Brunell of Philadelphia; George Woltry, Bill Shrinier and Jerry Hadley of Huntington (Ind.) YMCA; Reid Patterson of Georgia (honorable mention).

REFERENCES

BOOKEND—Daniel J. Ferris, capable AAU secretary-treasurer since 1937, answer man of amateur athletics, named to Helms Hall of Fame "for noteworthy contributions to sports," at Los Angeles.

DECEASED—Auburn D. (Dun) Sowers, 69, founder of American Legion junior baseball program (in 1938), industrial lawyer, public relations specialist; after long illness, at Fairmont, W. Va.

HOW THE PROFESSIONALS FARED LAST WEEK

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

ENTERIC COEFFICIENT

1. Cleveland W-1, L-2, T-1 Pts.: 355	Pittsburgh 20-7	2. New York W-3, L-1, T-1 Pts.: 350	Washington 20-20	4. Philadelphia W-4, L-2, T-1 Pts.: 345	Chicago Cards 20-9
3. Washington W-1, L-2, T-0 Pts.: 335	New York 20-17	4. Chicago Cards W-4, L-1, T-0 Pts.: 340	Philadelphia 2-17	5. Philadelphia W-4, L-1, T-0 Pts.: 334	Cleveland 1-30
WESTERN CONFERENCE					
1. Los Angeles W-7, L-0, T-1 Pts.: 379	San Francisco 25-14	3. Green Bay W-5, L-2, T-2 Pts.: 343	San Francisco 24-7	5. San Francisco W-5, L-2, T-2 Pts.: 327	Green Bay 1-25
2. Chicago Bears W-7, L-0, T-0 Pts.: 355	San Diego 21-20	4. Baltimore W-5, L-1, T-1 Pts.: 341	Los Angeles 14-23	5. Denver W-4, L-2, T-0 Pts.: 331	Chicago Bears 20-11

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE

1. Marched W-11; T-1; T-2 P.H.: 31	Bellini 3-1	Torino 3-5	Chicago 3-5	5. Genoa W-1; T-1; T-10 P.H.: 17	Torino 2-1	Genoa 3-0	New York 1-1
2. New York W-11; T-4; T-5 P.H.: 31	Chicago 4-5; 5-0	Genoa P-9		6. Torino W-1; T-1; T-4 P.H.: 19	Genoa 1-1	Marched 1-3	Bellini 0-5
3. Chicago W-4; T-1; T-6	New York 1-4; 2-2	Marched 1-0		7. Genoa W-1; T-1; T-3 P.H.: 13	Marched 1-3	Genoa 0-1	Torino 3-0

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

Estimate deviation

5. Philadelphia	21.1	25.7
W-10; L-9	22-222	109
Pop.: 714	015-99	
6. Syracuse	20.1	25.0
W-8; L-6	27-205	154
Pop.: 371		122
7. Boston	20.1	23.1
W-8; L-5	102-87	94.8
Pop.: 543		
8. New York	19.1	20.3
W-8; L-7	23-224	20-3
Pop.: 300		

with the following:

3. <i>E. laevis</i> M-S, L-1 Feb. 1981	Philo. 122-92 10-115	Miss. 99-97	Seal. 81-04	Seal. 89-78
4. <i>Myxine</i> M-S, L-1 Feb. 1981	FL Wayne 61-76	IL 71-49	Philo. 90-84	
5. <i>P. Wayne</i> M-S, L-1 Feb. 1981	N.Y. 124-49	Seal. 71-27	Seal. 81-90	
6. <i>Allocremastus</i> M-S, L-1 Feb. 1981	IL 97-92	N.Y. 97-92	Seal. 81-94	

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

Austria: Austria

(NASCAR 1991 champion)
 BILL MUELLER, Winston-Salem, N.C., sportsman 41-
 years.
 BILL WILKINSON, Hartford, N.E., modified 41-
 years.
 PHIL MUELLER, Newark, Conn. (Offshore-race-
 ing) and JODIE BARRY, Peabody, N.Y.
 (Two-wheeled car), retired driver.

● 2010 年 10 月 1 日

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Abstract

DICK WIEBE, St. Louis, Southern Miss Game Championship, with LLOYD Peterson, Sr., Nashville.
WILLIAM WILSON, Kansas City, 1960-61 season.
JIMMY WILLIAMS, Kansas City, winner title, with GUS CLARK OWENSCHNOR, Kansas City, all-world title, with Lyle.
RAY BARRY Day Manager, 6000 Swamper title, with GIL MILLIN PERKINS, Kansas City, and DOROTHY DEAN, Kansas Falls, S. East, double title, with LYLE.
DONALD BURCKE, New Mexico, best title, with PATT

88-27304-2

813 (JANE), 10-round division over Mike Munoz/
 Tonyyagui, Miami Beach.
 TOMMY (JIMMY), 9-round TWO over Billy McKee/
 Tonyyagui, New York.
 814 (JANE), over Yogi Berra, by disqualification in 7th round, fight Tonyyagui, Washington.
 BOBBY CALHOUN, 8-round TWO over Charlie Lator,
 Hollywood, Los Angeles.
 JOHNNY (JIMMY), 10-round division over Mickey
 Ramsey, Hollywood, Hollywood, Calif.
 815 (JANE), 10-round division over Peggy Smith/
 Tonyyagui, Tampa, Fla.

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CHERRY (Deane) 20412, Hwy, NCAR infested
bbs, with 13.57.4 for 4 miles, E. Lansing, Mich. Town
ship: Michigan 1208.
MIL SANTEE, Quincey Marine Base, military cross
country run, with 14.56.7 for 3 miles, Ft. Meade, Md.

FIELD TWIGS

LYNCHMAN BEIGE of GREENFAIR, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Quinn, Commack, Conn. and introduced by Lawrence K. MacQuinn, Philadelphia, N.J. English Springer spaniel; tall, ribs, brown, ill. SAN JUAN SAM, owned by Mrs. Joe Lantry Ward, 1005 S. Oakley Street, West, and handled by Ed Lantry Ward, Jr., English Springer spaniel; tall, smooth-shedding; ill. HUNTIN EP, owned and handled by S. J. Gethner, Springfield, Ill., all-age stakes, Missouri Hunt Field Trials, Chatterbox.

[illegible]

WEST and WEST, 9-6 tie, Canadian pro all-star game
Toronto

Bill. #19 11—Fl. Baker 7	Fl. Wood 11—Fl. Hall 10
Duke 1—N. Carolina 0	Warden 20—Wyoming 14
Crawling 10—Fla. A&W 20	Lakewood 21, 22—K.C. 10

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SEMI-RAZORBACKS
G. OISEL MATTHEW JR., Philadelphia, over A. Carter Ferguson, N.Y. 12-5, 12-7, 12-5, Gold Racquets Intl, Cincinnatti, N.Y.
Glick, G. (Glick), Cleveland, over Joe Kahn, 6-15, 12-7, 12-11, 7-12, 12-10, Double Club International, Cincinnati, N.Y.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

**Do you agree that to have
more deer we should shoot
more deer? (Asked at
Colorado Springs and Denver)**

MRS. EDWARD P. FALLON, Toledo, Ohio

Registered nurse



"Maybe, but I don't like to shoot deer. They're such beautiful animals. I can't even eat venison. If there are too many deer in one state, why not transport them to other states? Then there'd be enough food and they wouldn't starve. Even that may be bad because more people would kill deer."

SGT. R. G. SCHIPPERS

Colorado state patrolman



"Yes, that's true. One winter, when I was patrolling along the west slope of our mountains, I saw thousands of deer who had died from starvation. There were too many of them, and not enough foliage for food. As I drove along the highways, I had to remove many dead deer from the roads."

CRUCK MYERS, Colorado Springs

Maintenance man



"No. I know what I'm talking about, because I spend as much time hunting as I do working. The solution is to scatter the deer. At the Gannett state game project, they feed the deer. So what happens? The deer flock to this area. When we have a severe winter, they starve by the thousands."

WILLIAM B. HALL JR., Colorado Springs

Hotel manager



"We've had a lot of arguments about that question. If there isn't enough food for our herds, they will eat roots, herbs and grass intended for other animals and thus upset the processes of nature. I think it's better to let hunters kill the excess population and maintain normal, healthy herds."

WILL B. NICHOLSON

Mayor of Denver



"That doesn't make sense to me. If hunters are given unlimited licenses, there'll be no deer. I read the article in *SE*. The biologists have a point, but in Colorado we want more deer because more and more hunters are coming to our state each year. We'll be hard put to have enough deer for them to kill."

JULIAN C. POLLOCK, Colorado Springs

Marketing consultant



"The hunters here think so. But the law limits them to one deer per license. Everyone wants to hunt deer."

Workers were installing ornamental ironwork in my house. Suddenly they quit, in the middle of work. Unless the contractor let them hunt deer, they wouldn't work."

JOHN ALEXANDER, Colorado Springs

Officer, Alexander Film Co.



"Yes. I have seen the outcomes of hundreds of deer that died from starvation. You have no idea of how many have died in severe winters. However, as a general policy and without rigid controls, killing more deer would result in the extermination of our herds, which are a great Colorado asset."

THAYER TUTT, Colorado Springs

Vice-president, Broadwater Hotel Corp.



"No. I don't believe such claims. In some counties last year, the wardens permitted multiple killing of deer. Hunters could kill as many deer as they bought licenses for—buck, doe or fawn. One of my caretakers killed several. This year, the hunting there isn't worth a darn."

DR. PHINEAS BERNSTEIN, Colorado Springs
Physician



"It's better to shoot deer than let them starve. There are more than 100,000 hunters in Colorado every winter. It's possible to de-

plete our herds, but before the season game wardens know the deer population. The allowed kill depends on deer count. In some restricted areas, only one kill is allowed."

EDWIN C. JOHNSON

Governor of Colorado



"There isn't any categorical answer. How many deer do we want? Do we want to make deer sacred cows? Do we want nature's bal-

ance? If so, how shall we go about getting balance? Should we shoot them and use the meat for food? Should we allow nature's cruel law of the survival of the fittest to operate? Wild life in Colorado used to be in balance when the timber wolf and the mountain lion roamed the mountains. They lived on deer. We upset nature's balance by practically exterminating the wolf and the lion. We can restore the balance by permitting hunters to kill off the increase each year. Or we can limit the hunters and let the deer starve by the thousands. There is another angle. Many hunters want to shoot bucks and refuse to shoot does. Contrary to unlearned opinion, it's better for hunters to concentrate on bucks. The wild life people say that if there are too many bucks, there are fewer fawns. In cattle, we have one bull for a herd. One buck is enough for a herd of 50 or more does. Those who want to bag only bucks are helping to preserve the herd. When bucks are killed, it has no effect on the herd population."

NEXT WEEK:

Would you take a coaching job at a college that has completely de-emphasized athletics, such as the once-mighty University of Pennsylvania?



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

TWO weekends ago, after the finish of the Army-Navy game, I sat talking with a friend—both of us in the relaxed frame of mind which comes each fall Saturday afternoon when hardly anything seems more important than to lean back and quietly chew the game over.

After a while he said, "You hear coaches talking more and more about peripheral vision—the wider range of vision which allows some players to see not only what's directly ahead but what's happening on either side of them. I'll bet you won't mind my telling you what I've liked about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's football reporting. It's your peripheral vision—the way your boys keep their eyes on the game from a lot of different directions."

Last week as I browsed back over our football coverage, peripheral vision did seem to describe what our editors have achieved in reporting this remarkably complex game.

To begin with, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has, of course, looked at the national picture with sectional previews, reviews and the stories of the big games. But it has also sat on the bench with Coach Art Lewis as Pittsburgh spoiled his West Virginia Mountaineers' dreams of a bowl game; sat behind a desk with Yale's President Griswold as he weighed the problems of recreational athletics on the scales of university education; sat in the stands as Harvey Knox watched son Ronnie perform; and stood in a quiet locker room as Adam Walsh, Notre Dame captain in the days of the Four Horsemen, explained why a coach can be proud of a team like Bowdoin's, no matter what its win-and-lost record.

SI has entered the "pilgrimage and picnic" atmosphere of an Ivy League weekend at Princeton, the prank-ridden mood of the Clemson-South Carolina game, and the drama of glory of the Air Force Academy's very first game. And it has presented football from the varying perspectives of Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson, Ohio State's Woody Hayes, TCU's Dutch Meyer and the great Frank Leahy.

SEPT. 12 ISSUE

SPORTS



OCT. 31 ISSUE

SPORTS



NOV. 7 ISSUE

SPORTS



NOV. 26 ISSUE

SPORTS



SI COVERS FOOTBALL'S GREATEST SHAPES OF THINGS TO COME FOR NO. 1 COACH, NO. 1 BACK, NO. 1 LINEMAN AND AN UNKNOWN QUARTERBACK

From any direction, it's a great game. And while this year's chalk lines are fading from almost all of the nation's football fields, it's always a pleasant fact about football that this year is never over until next year. So SI will be on hand ahead of time, in its Dec. 26 issue, with previews and scouting reports for next year and its bowl games.

Harry R. ...

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; **SH**—slightly high; **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OVG**—outlook very good.

WEAVERSHIRE, MICHIGAN: **PI** at Barkport, Cuyahoga County Bay and Ann Arbor Bay with some fish going to 3 pounds.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI: Around the old dam and Lake Pillsbury in Terrebonne Parish, two three-point catches, the stream attract fish and the fish attract. Kibbe Shattuck, Andrew Colburn and James Harris, who landed 16 blue crabs one night last week using raw poles and a bit of pork rind on a single hook.

CHANNEL BASIN, NORTH CAROLINA: Some blizzard weather that battered dark waters made **FG** for surf and sound fishermen; in Cape Hatteras area, several catches have shown 30 pounds up to 40 but none, none to 100. **OG** at Hatteras, Hatteras Sound and **FG** at Cape Hatteras and Hatteras Inlet until Christmas.

FLORIDA: **PI** and **OG** for M.M. Florida waters; at St. Marks River is producing redfish to 30 pounds, and surf fishermen are taking reds averaging 5 pounds from the beach waters in Gulf. At Venice Bay, on Gulf Coast up to 8 pounds are taking live shrimp along jetties and fish traps are reported farther south at Boca Grande.

TEXAS: Good reports at Cold, Pine, Cattle Creek and Ponderosa Lake near Fort Lupton. Fish are averaging 4 pounds **OG**.

STEELHEAD TROUT, WASHINGTON: **SH** Dec. 8 but was washed out in most coastal streams. Quinalt, Quinalt, Thompson and Sush rivers are in fairly good shape. At Samish H.V. Forest, water is from highway bridge next to Edmonds, with cherry bobbers and dune-stone and white leads, some more production. **OG** at heavy plant in Washington steelhead rivers expected to pay off this winter.

BRIDGE CATCHES: At stream in good shape with best fish a 20-pounder from Campbell River. Quinalt, Conner, Portbridge and Quinalt all producing on Vancouver Island. On mainland Chehalis, Alouette, Vedder and Reynolds are best early prospects. Some good fish still coming from Thompson River at Shave 6 ponds and French Bridge. **OG** with prospects of breeding nights and some snow.

MISSOURI: At new low water streams were still **FF** but **PI** if no more rain. All coastal streams should be in top shape now, with fish abundant in most rivers, and smaller runs still coming in. On north coast best fish are Nebraska, Wilson and Glenview; on south coast Elk, Cherokee and River should be best. Favored areas for drifting are cluster eggs or red yams; for snagging, red-and-white bobbers and cherry bobbers.

CALIFORNIA: **PI** in Russian River last week from Hardsburg to Big Nite; top fish was 10-pounder. Hairs opened bars and closed runs in most coastal streams and top waters are still, South Fork of Red, Matton, Garcia, Geronimo, Mad, Van Dusen, Kaweah and Smith. If no more rain, some's peak due any day.

STRIPED BASS, MICHIGAN: Excellent catches reported from Haverhill Bay on lower James River with fish averaging 10 pounds. Large numbers of pan-size strippers providing fly-fish sport in Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. **OG/NC**.

DAIRY CANYON: Live crabs averaging 8 pounds still common in Sutter-Cooper diversion canal area, and **OG/NC**.

BLACK BASS, WISCONSIN: For Graven Area area of Lake of the Ozarks, **OVG** for next two weeks if wind abates and weather clears; in Ozark area **FF** and **OF**.

PANAMA: **FF**, **OG** in Little Lake Harris and Klamath River, where trawled plugs were taking bigmouths to 8 pounds and fly rodmen casting proper bugs reported **FF/OG**.



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

GEORGIA'S GOVERNOR SENDS WIRE, GETS REPLY • GAMBLING, GOLF
AND THE GROOMER • BASKETBALL FROM CUPOLA TO SUBBASEMENT •
BLINKY SLIPS A PUNCH • FIRST FLIGHT OF THE PROLATE SPHEROID

GRAVY IN THE SUGAR BOWL

Governor MARVIN GRIFFIN of Georgia, his pen dripping with a thick old-fashioned demagogic gravy, signed a telegram the other day. It called upon the state's Board of Regents to put a stop forever to such things as the Georgia Tech game at New Orleans on January 2, in which a Negro will play for Pitt.

"The South," he mouthed, "stands at Armageddon. The battle is joined. We cannot make the slightest concession to the enemy in this dark and lamentable hour of struggle." Immediately these words produced an ugly cloud somewhat larger than a gravy spot on a slobbering politician's vest.

Georgia Tech students and some high school followers formed a rabble army 4,000 strong which marched to chained vulgarities through downtown Atlanta, up to the state capitol grounds and three miles onward to the governor's mansion. They paused en route to hang the governor in effigy a dozen times, scuffed with police, rolled ash rans into the streets and carried additional vulgarities on signs: "Griffin sits on his brains," "We hate nigger haters," "We'll play anybody."

Governor Griffin did not come out to greet them. He paced the floor inside the mansion, declaiming from time to time that a man does not change his principles because of a demonstration. About 3 a.m. the students retired to their dormitories, and next day word went out that the governor was through sending telegrams for a while.

The Regents decided that Tech can play in the Sugar Bowl this year but that hereafter neither Tech nor any other Georgia team may play non-segregated football in the South, although they may do so up North.

They praised the governor for his "courageous stand . . . [and] inspiring leadership in protesting inviolate the sacred institutions of our people."

That's the way it stands, at least until next season. Target of the governor's outburst was Hobby Grier, reserve fullback and only Negro on the Pitt team. At Pitt there was a composed silence, and it fell pleasantly on the ear.

DRIED-UP POOL

ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT "golf is too great a sport to have any taint of gambling attached to it," Bing Crosby has decided that his \$15,000 national pro-amateur tournament at Del Monte will be conducted next month without the added attraction of a Calcutta pool.

The decision was made, of course, in

the turbulent backwash of the Deshpale Country Club's unfortunate experience with a Calcutta (\$1, Nov. 14). On the basis of a relatively modest \$45,000 pool, Deshpale attracted at least two ringers with falsified handicaps. One golfer who has followed Calcuttas with a disapproving eye estimates that 100 such pools a year involve \$30,000 or more apiece—among recent pools, Palm Springs at \$35,000, Greenbrier at \$35,000, Nantux at \$36,000. At last January's Crosby tournament the Calcutta was \$71,750.

As Calcuttas have grown in number and volume of money invested there has developed a well-rooted Calcutta circuit patronized by amateurs who make more money at gambling than some pros make at their trade. This has been a source of concern to officials of the United States Golf Association, who

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

U.S. Olympic track and field tryouts will be held next June—months ahead of the Melbourne Olympics—despite well-grounded arguments for holding them later in the summer (as the Russians will do). Reasons: the impossibility of shifting the standard U.S. spring track program to the fall or to tie up collegiate athletes and others in what would amount to almost a full year of continuous meets.

All-America pickers—most of whom overlooked him—were wildly embarrassed when the little-published Gary Glick, defensive backfield star of Colorado A&M, became the No. 1 choice of the pros in the National Football League draft. One reason the Pittsburgh Steelers passed up Ohio State's Heptaling Cassidy (later picked in the first round by the Detroit Lions) and Michigan State's Earl Morrall (picked by the San Francisco 49ers) was Glick's service record: 22, he has already put in his military service—four years in the Navy.

Res Ellsworth, owner of Swaps, once more showed his faith in foreign bloodlines (the foundation of Ellsworth's great success as a breeder was his purchase of the Irish stallion Khaled) by becoming the big purchaser at England's Newmarket horse sale. Ellsworth spent some \$248,000, most of it for brood mares to be shipped to his California stable.

The Department of Justice's monopoly case against the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), is now ready for court trial in New York about mid-January. Prospects: arguments and counter-arguments lasting three to six weeks.

College basketball got underway (see page 88) with a heavy Saturday schedule and did nothing to change the opinion of preseason experts: the teams to beat were still San Francisco, Kentucky, Utah, Iowa, Dayton, George Washington, North Carolina State and Holy Cross.

are without control over private tournaments. When Crosby announced his decision Edward E. Lowery, executive committee member of the USGA, spread the word happily and took the occasion to say: "A splendid contribution to the game of golf."

LIFE AND MR. LOEFFLER

THIS TIME a year ago Ken Loeffler was riding high as coach of the La Salle team which (with famous Tom Gola) went all the way to the final of the NCAA basketball tournament. This week Ken Loeffler was riding low; he was directing the fortunes of Texas A&M, which may have the worst team



in the worst major basketball conference in the U.S. Staking its first claim to that title, the Texans opened their season by losing to Tulsa 48-63.

But low as he may ride, Ken Loeffler's spirits are as high as ever. The man who has lived the full basketball life (as a pro, as coach of Yale and La Salle) hesitates not at all when he is asked to explain why he took on his present job under Athletic Director Bear Bryant.

"Nothing else left for me to do," says Loeffler. "I figure that if I can come down here—to the subbasement of the subbasement—and do some good, then maybe I'll have really done something."

"Society is the most contemptible of life's gifts. If you don't dare and dare again, life will leave you alone. And that is the cruelest thing life can do to you. The real happiness you get out of coaching is the fun you get out of life. When I die, I hope I'm sitting on a bench with a three-point lead and somebody like Gola with the ball."

As he spoke of life, Loeffler was seated at his cluttered desk in the shiny new field house. He picked up a letter and read it aloud: "Dear Mr. Loeffler: I am 6 feet 7½ inches tall and weigh 174." He guffawed as he tossed the letter into the basket marked "Hold."

"I'll answer that one," he said—beginning "Dear Silver."

Loeffler leaned back in his chair and looked as if he might be thinking about life again. "I couldn't recruit here even

if I wanted to," he said. "Bear [Athletic Director Bryant] tells me, 'Oh no, Ken. No recruiting.' He can afford to tell me that. His football roster is filled. My roster is bare. So we'll have to develop players. It's a lot like Yale. I became the greatest defensive coach in basketball up at Yale because we never got our hands on the ball. A&M is Yale in the rough."

He said it in the tones of a happy man. The rest of the Southwest Conference is hereby warned.

BLINKY CARRIES ON

A MAJOR INCIDENTALITY of the Basilio-DeMarco fight (see pages 26 and 27) were the former Welterweight Champion Johnny Saxton and his manager, Blinky Palermo. Palermo attended the fight and returned to Philadelphia with \$12,500 of its proceeds, though his boxer's only part in the affair was to show a decent restraint in not insisting on an immediate rematch after losing the title to DeMarco, is saying nothing when Basilio was permitted to fight DeMarco (and thereby win the title) and in standing docilely aside while Basilio and DeMarco fought again.

For thus minding their manners, Saxton and Palermo were rewarded with a percentage of one of the best gates of the year and now Saxton will be signed to fight Basilio in February.

But not in New York. Last April Chairman Julius Helland of the New York boxing commission let Palermo know that he was persona non grata and could not have a New York license. Palermo's background includes a police record, the numbers racket and long association with Frankie Carbo, the gray ghost behind many a boxing

scandal. Down from Syracuse, where Basilio is a local hero, came alert young Norman Rothschild, promoter, to ask that Helland permit him to put on a Saxton-Basilio fight in February. Palermo will get a license from him, Helland said, "neither now nor ever."

"I would be putting the stamp of approval on gangsterism in boxing," Helland said. He recalled the sworn testimony of Angel Lopez, former manager of Kid Gavilan, that Palermo had said Carbo's approval was needed to sanction a return match between Saxton and Gavilan. (Saxton had won the title from Gavilan with the help of a friendly Philadelphia decision.)

But in his home base, Philadelphia, Palermo is licensed as a manager, regardless of what New York thinks of him and his gangster associations, and so is free to operate there and in other states which respect a Pennsylvania license. From time to time, incidents arise which cast dim, flickering lights on his operations and reputation. Nothing has stopped him yet.

In the latest incident Coley Wallace, retired heavyweight who played the title role in *The Joe Louis Story*, was called before the Pennsylvania boxing commission and asked whether it was true that, while Blinky was his manager, he had been fed a "slow pill" just before he lost to Bob Baker at Cleveland in October 1954. His testimony was taken in executive session and at the instance of Palermo's lawyer, Morton Witkin. The Philadelphia Inquirer had published a report that the commission was investigating the Baker upset and Blinky's part in it. Witkin demanded a hearing to exonerate his client.

After the hearing Witkin announced that Wallace had denied ever saying he had been drugged. The commissioners said only that the testimony—of Wallace, Blinky and others—would be evaluated while their investigation continues.

On another of the three main boxing investigation fronts, that instigated by Governor Goodwin J. Knight of California (23, May 30), members of a four-man team expected to visit Pennsylvania and New York in a month or so. Their purpose: to find out how their brother investigators are making out and what they may have learned about California promoters and managers.

GOOSE-PIMPLE CLASSIC

DIAPHANOUS RUNNING has been recognized as a formidable sport ever since Pheidippides raced 22 miles to Athens after the battle of Marathon in 490



FUN HAZY JELLY OUT FURLOUGH

Far hazy jolly gal furlough

Far kenty jolly gal furlough

Far hazy jolly gal furlough

Wick our hoody cinder sigh.

—BL. L. CHACE

B.C., cried "Rejoice, we conquer," and then fell dead of exhaustion. But even Pheidippides might well have been appalled on the starting line for the 17th annual running last week in East Lansing, Mich., of the National College Athletic Association cross-country championship. It was held in a near-blizzard of snow flurries whipped by a 17-mph wind and the thermometer hung only 12° above zero.

Before a handful of chilled spectators on the Michigan State baseball diamond, a race official wrapped comfortably in overcoat, galoshes, mittens and stocking cap barked over the public address speaker: "Diarho." Eighty-four young men, the top distance runners of 27 U.S. colleges, puffed off sweat suits and parkas, and lined up in goosebumpy readiness in running trunks and shirts—about four ounces of light cotton. Cracked Michigan State Coach Karl Schladowan: "Investigating, isn't it?" To his runners he added superfluously, "Hurry back." At the crack of the



gun, the runners bounded forward and promptly disappeared in the storm.

Michigan State's Selwyn Jones took an early lead as the tightly bunched runners loped around the diamond and two adjoining fields. He held on to it doggedly along the banks of the frozen Red Cedar River, past the football stadium and a dormitory and into the university's sugar bush, where the course looped over a mile of ice-glazed trails. Just after two miles of the four-mile race, George King, a lithe and wispy veteran from New York University, forged into the lead, but jogging close behind, biding their time, were the two new stars of the 1955 cross-country season: stocky Henry Kennedy, a Scotland-born Michigan State sophomore who won the IC4A and Big Ten meets this fall, and Charles (Deacon) Jones, a slinky Negro from Iowa, also a sophomore.

At the three-mile marker, his breath steaming in the frigid air, Kennedy moved into the lead, with the Deacons following him like a shadow. At three-and-a-half miles—reversing the sequence of just nine days earlier at the Big Ten meet in Chicago, when Kennedy defeated him with a home-stretch burst—Jones pulled even, then slightly into the lead. In the tightest stretch drive in the meeting's history, the two runners sprinted the last 170

yards in a shoulder-to-shoulder deadlock. The winner, by two feet: Deacon Jones. Despite the weather, Jones's time for the four miles was a remarkable 19:27.4, just 23.1 seconds less than the course record.

The runners were hauled into the locker room where trainers warned: "No hot showers. Keep it lukewarm until your ears and fingers have thawed." Prostate cases got emergency treatment on the spot, but none was serious. Said Ray Menzie, a drawing representative of Mississippi State: "Cold? Mister, I never knew it could get so cold."

THE OLD KLUB TIE

WHILE a lot of U.S. golfers are wondering whether or not this winter will prove sufficiently mild for them to get in at least a couple of rounds, none of the 699 Norwegians who belong to the Oslo Golf Club—or Klub, as they call it—has been giving the matter a second thought. This year, as usual, the first snow hit Oslo in late September, and unless a glacier or the Gulf Stream does something unforeseen, there will be snow on the course, sometimes as much as 10 feet of it, until May rolls around. Oddly enough, though, quite a few members of the Foreign—or American—Chapter of the Oslo course have been thinking of their klub in recent weeks. Specifically, they have been wondering whether the batch of fungicides they shipped across this autumn will do the job they hope it will in preventing a recurrence

of winterkill, a grass-destroying fungus that develops handsomely when the sun's rays hit a sheet of ice and the ice acts like a magnifying glass in transmitting the heat to the moist, un-aerated grass beneath it. Even in the unusual world of golf, the American Chapter of the OGC is a rare outfit, and perhaps the best thing to do is to begin at the beginning of the story.

The Oslo Golf Klub, the only 18-hole course in Norway—there are nine-holes in Bergen and Trondheim—was founded in 1924. Laid out by Olaf Heyerdahl, a veteran local golfer, its holes climb up and down the shady side of a mountain in the Bogstad section of the city. Provided you are in pretty good shape, it is a very pleasant place to play. The club prospered uneventfully until World War II when the Germans invaded Norway. Seeing no tangible gain in employing a golf course as a golf course, the occupying forces melted down the maintenance machinery for scrap, built barracks on some of the land, and used the rest for growing potatoes. When Germany was defeated and a Norwegian could think about recreation again, the members of the OGC found themselves stymied. They had no course, no equipment, and very little chance of doing anything about it inasmuch as their government had clamped down on using kroner in foreign markets to purchase other than necessary goods.

Into the breach stepped one Karl Krogstad, New York representative for several Norwegian shipowners. Mr.

continued on next page



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

Krogstad's plan (sanctioned by the Klub's governors) was that a number of golf-playing Americans who did business with Norway and were generally interested in that country be invited to become life members of the OGG; a membership would cost \$250 and the money collected would be spent for materials to get the course in proper operation again.

Krogstad met with a quick response from his American friends. About 60 of them became life members and, coincidentally, formed the American Chapter. In 1946 the first bundles for Bogstad were shipped across the Atlantic by the Norwegian-America Line and the Fjell Line: tractors, jeeps, gang mowers, grass seed and fertilizers. In more recent years, with the course once again back on its feet, the American Chapter has limited its gifts to relatively minor items like fungicides, Milorganite, new bed knives for the mowers, and, occasionally, golf balls, still a scarce item in Europe.

A large number of the 60 members of the American Chapter have played their Oslo course during visits to Norway. This has engendered closer ties with their postwar orphan, as have three annual outings, which the AC of the OGG plays at the Blind Brook Club in Port Chester, N.Y., and an interchange of trophies. On one hand, the AC put up the Norway Cup, which teams from Norway, Sweden and Denmark compete for, and, on the other, the home club sent across a cup that goes to the golfer who collects the lowest score in the AC's annual Klub Championship. The Norwegian word for fore, incidentally, is fore and not ford.

ON FORWARD PASSES

FOOTBALL SCHOLARS given to bawling over the origins of the forward pass can get the argument started all over again by consulting a new book, *Football's Greatest Coaches*, written by Edwin Pope, executive sports editor of the *Atlanta Journal*. Mr. Pope subtitles his chapter on John W. Heisman: "Father of the Forward Pass," and then goes on to make a case for the man who coached Auburn, Clemons, Georgia Tech, W&J, Penn and Rice and gave his name to the trophy awarded annually to the year's outstanding college player.

It seems, writes Mr. Pope, that one October afternoon back in 1895, North Carolina was playing Pop Warner's

Georgia team at Atlanta. A Carolina fullback falling back to punt suddenly found himself about to be smothered by a quartet of Georgia linemen. In desperation, or panic, the Carolina man hurled the ball away from him and a startled teammate found himself grabbing it and running 70 yards for a touchdown. Pop Warner screamed bloody murder, but the apparently bewildered officials let the touchdown stand although it was clearly illegal as the rules then read. Carolina won the game, 6-0.

As it happened, John Heisman, then coaching Auburn, was a spectator at the game. He was delighted with the pass play and saw in it an answer to the flying wedge which was then making football a brutal, bone-breaking, head-cracking game. Heisman knew that the forward pass would be too radical a prescription for the rule makers to swallow all at once, so he kept his own counsel until 1903, when he thought Walter Camp was ready to listen. But Camp wasn't ready then nor when Heisman tried again a year later.

"Showing unusual patience," writes Mr. Pope, "Heisman took up the matter with former Penn Star John Bell and Navy Coach Paul Dashiell. They supported the pass at the next meeting of the rules committee. Amos Alonzo Stagg stepped in with another boost,

and in 1906 'Heisman's forward pass' became a part of football."

It is now generally agreed that the first legal use of the forward pass (Kratz Rockne supported this case in his autobiography) was by St. Louis University in a game with Carroll College in Wausau, Wis., in September 1906. While most eastern teams ignored the pass, St. Louis used it freely all that season, and you can get a fight going in the state of Missouri by even hinting that anybody but Eddie Cochems, the St. Louis coach, was "the father of the forward pass." Of course, in Middletown, Conn., they claim that Wesleyan used the first legal *overhead spiral* pass against Yale on October 5, 1906. There are also other quibbles around the country.

Even if it was Cochems, old John Heisman has other claims to immortality. For he was the fellow who used to hold up a football when addressing his squad on the first day of practice in the fall and ask, "What is it?" Then (as Mr. Pope tells it in his new book) Heisman would answer his own question:

"A prolate spheroid—that is, an elongated sphere—in which the outer leathern casing is drawn tightly over a somewhat smaller rubber tubing."

Then old John Heisman would look slowly around and declare ominously:

"Better to have died as a small boy than to fumble this football."

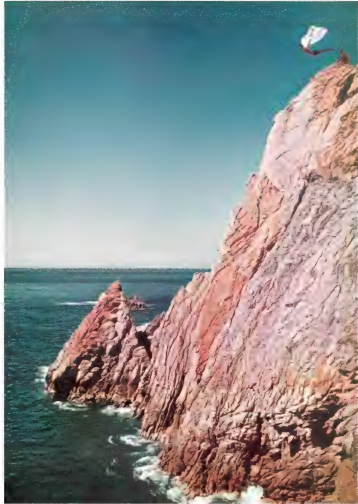
SPECTACLE

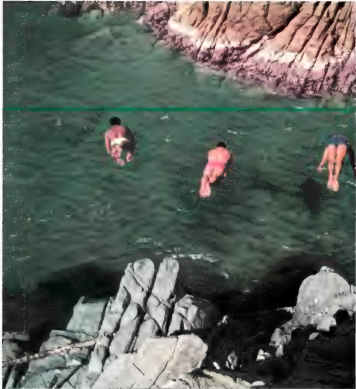
ACAPULCO'S FLYERS

Among the greatest practitioners of an electrifying sport are La Quebrada's high divers, who leap for a tourists' floor show

It started as a sport to while away idle hours when Acapulco was a sleepy little town. Now the high flyers shown on the following pages are part of a professional group of some 20 divers who thrill the patrons of one of the world's most fantastic cliffside restaurants. Nervelessly accurate, leaping at night to the light of a flaming fire, they have never missed on the split-second calculations which they must make to catch the sea when it is surging deep over the rocks below. But where they once dived for pennies, they now reap richer rewards from the tourists who, as Horace Sutton reports on page 21, are flocking to Acapulco in such ever-increasing numbers that the once remote little village is becoming a veritable Mexican Miami.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID FRIBELL

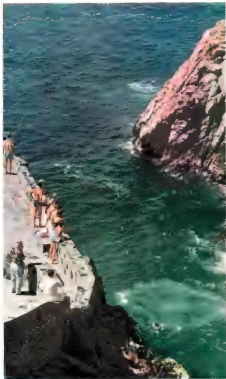




Launching their tanned bodies out into space from a dizzy platform perched 100 feet above La Quebrada gorge, four Acapulco divers plummet with precision and daring toward the rushing waters below. The penalty for bad timing: injury or even death



Spectators, including other divers, gaze down from the public pavilions at the spot where a burling swimmer has just entered the foaming gorge





Ready for another plunge, muscular diver scrambles up sheer brown and gray cliffside while the beautiful blue of the Pacific turns frothy green and white a few feet below

Miami-in-Mexico

Booming Acapulco, with its new luxury hotels, dream cottages and nightclubs

by HORACE SUTTON

like none elsewhere in the world, is a golden resort on the blue Pacific's shore

FOR ACAPULCO the siesta is over. On the hot sands where youngsters peddle sun hats and coconut milk and glass-bottom-boat rides, on the heights where the bougainvillea undulates at the breezy bidding of the Pacific, in the plaza where babies suckle and endless echelons of swallows come at twilight to rush the trees like bleacher fans—in all of Acapulco the sound is the same. The sound is the slosh of new motor, the clink of the pick, of brick on brick, as day on sun-washed day this mushroom-shaped indenture on the sea becomes Miami-in-Mexico.

Already, if you count each *posada*, each chrome-and-glass air-conditioned inn, there are 150 hotels on hand. Flushed and fattened on *fortifios*, roco and tequila, 10,000 sunburned souls now can sleep away the night—or at least the useless hours between *lole* and beach.

And there will be more room soon. The 13-story skeleton of the Acapulco Hilton has risen on the curve of the bay. Its supper club will be perched on an offshore rock reachable by cable car from the lobby. The superluxe Villa Vera, with just 11 rooms, will offer a private swimming pool with its best suite, not to be confused with the general pool for the other 10 rooms.

Although there are enough sand strips to set aside a Morning Beach and an Afternoon Beach, both have become so crowded that the resort's most ambitious new lay-out, the Pierre Marqués, is building its 180 Mayan-motif luxury suites on the Playa de Revoludero 10 miles down the coast from the center of town. If Acapulco decides to follow the lead of Oilman Paul Getty, who is footing the bill, there will be unlimited room to expand further. As you stand on Revoludero Beach and look southeast, the broad border of sand simply runs out of sight.

The siesta is over in Acapulco because the sun shines bright and hot all year long except for patches in the August drey season. And, counting all the sandy coves, there are 32 beaches, and you can hunt for white doves, and out in the sea the sailfish cruise the blue as thick as sardines. A boat costs you less than \$10 a day; the best of hotels get about \$10 a day with meals, and at two joints you can dance the mambo on the sand with your shoes off. For \$99, most of which you can pay later, Air France will fly you nonstop from New York to Mexico City, and \$9 more will put you in Acapulco. I know a place, an American-run guest house in a palm grove, where you can while away the winter at \$3.05 a day, meals included.

It has been a long sleep, but Acapulco has been Boonville before. For three centuries, which came to an end in

1820, Spanish galleons sailed the route from the Philippines loaded with cloves and cinnamon, damask and satin, silk and taffeta, ivory and bone, pearls and fine wood furniture. Once a year the China Ship, as it came to be known, sailed into Acapulco. Its goods were unloaded and transhipped overland to Vera Cruz on the Gulf and then shipped across the Atlantic to Spain.

The arrival of the China Ship in Acapulco caused bells to peal in Mexico City, reachable then only by a mule track known as the China Road. With the goods off-loaded in the Pacific port, Acapulco staged a fair that lasted from mid-January to the end of February. It was one of the most famous annual exhibitions of the day, bringing merchants from all Mexico, from far-off Peru and from Spain itself, swelling the population of 4,000 to a jam-packed 10,000.

With Mexico free from Spain after the War of Independence (1810-20), ship lanes closed, jungle grew over the trade path and Acapulco went to sleep. It slept a sound siesta for a hundred years, or until a road from Mexico City was scratched out in 1927. Three years later Carlos Barnard, an accountant for an oil company in Tampico, worked his way to Acapulco by mule. With \$1,100 he bought a piece of land at the edge of La Quebrada, a cut that had been chipped in the cliffs to permit ocean breezes to cool the town. He built three cabins on the edge of the cliffs, opened them in 1932. The sailfishing was marvelous. Barnard bought a 23-foot Chris-Craft, had another boat built in Manzanillo, hired captains, pushed sailfishing. With his three cabins and a cistern, but with the road from Mexico City little better than a wagon trail, Barnard nearly starved. In their idle hours his bar boys began to bathe in the narrow channel formed by two cliffs that rose vis-à-vis. Soon, bar boys being boys, they were climbing the rocks. Then jumping off. It got to be such a good show they began to pass the hat.

It wasn't, as legend persists, Errol Flynn sailing into the harbor on the deck of a square-rigger that woke up Acapulco. It was the war that sealed up the routes to other playgrounds. And it was the schoolteachers. "They came," as an oldtimer recalls, "by the billions, buying up the junk in town, staying at little eight- and 10-room hotels for \$3.50 for three meals." Then from Mexico City came a California promoter named A. C. Blumenthal, and with him a blood Swiss orchestra leader named Ernest (Ted) Stauffer, once of Bern. One moonlit night in June of 1949 Stauffer, under marriage to Faith Domergue and Hedy Lamarr, sat on a rock at La Quebrada and sketched a

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TOM HEINSOHN OF HOLY CROSS



ART GUNTER OF UTAH

BASKETBALL BOUNCES IN

by ROY TERRELL

IT WAS perhaps only natural that the spotlight should remain centered upon football, for the great autumn pageant of the American college scene still had to observe a few certain calls. It had been another smash season with an old but always delightful plot. The eldest alumnus grew young once again as he watched it unfold—and the youngest coach grew old. All-America halfbacks were born under the publicity man's typewriter touch and blazed to glory on the field—or perhaps faded to obscurity under a rattling tackle made by a nameless guard. But while bowl teams

ran through endless rehearsals for the big Jan. 2 finale (meanwhile keeping an eye cocked on the governor of Georgia), a new act slipped onto a corner of the stage. College basketball bounced in.

The entrance attracted more attention in some sections than others. There were still those among the old guard of the Ivy League who packed away their coonskin coats with a steadfast resolution not to stir again until eight-oared shells are lowered gently into the Charles and the Thames next spring. But elsewhere—well, at the University of



BILL ORL OF DAYTON



BOB HURRON OF KENTUCKY

For the next 100 days, most college sports headlines will go to young fellows in short satin pants. Here is a preview of the big show and its cast of characters

Iowa, where sellout crowds watched Iowa play one of the nation's stoutest football schedules, thousands of fans switched over to the Iowa field house on Saturday afternoon and joined a national television audience of millions in watching the opener against Nebraska. At Ann Arbor, a big Michigan end named Ron Kramer tugged off his cleats and shoulder pads, slipped into a pair of canvas shoes and satin pants and prepared to take over top billing in the winter spectacular. At West Point a tall cadet named

continued on next page

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT RAGAN

BASKETBALL BOUNCES IN

continued from page 22

Don Hollender followed the example of Quik Change Artist Kramer, hoping to help win another victory over Navy on a different field of friendly strife.

But most of basketball's cast of characters—the youngsters who will make the college sports headlines for the next 100 days—are athletic specialists, and basketball is their specialty. Perhaps at the head of the cast is a 21-year-old named Bill Russell, whose presence at San Francisco is the chief reason the Dons are expected to be again the best college team in the U.S.

Bill Russell is a 6-foot 10-inch Negro from Monroe, Louisiana. His father hoped that he would be a left-handed baseball pitcher because "only girls play basketball." In high school, after the family moved to California, he was overshadowed by an older brother who was a better athlete; it appeared that his family, which had religiously vowed to send him through college, would indeed have to pay his way. Then Phil Woolpert, coach at San Francisco, decided to risk an athletic scholarship. Now, four years later, Russell is described only in superlatives by such neutral observers as California Coach Pete Newell who says he "is the finest individual performer ever on the Pacific Coast," and this is an area which produced Stanford's Hank Luisetti and Jim Pollard.

Russell is a tremendously modest young man and, even out on the basketball court before a game, stands awkwardly ill at ease, looking as embarrassed as a teen-age girl in her first Bikini bathing suit. But, once in action, he has to be seen to be appreciated. He covers the court in incredibly long strides, goes up in the air to block sure baskets (he can high jump six-foot-seven) and the next moment is down at the other end of the court to tip one in for San Francisco. Opening the season against Chico State, Russell played only part time but still collected a handsome 26 rebounds and scored 15 points. Saturday night, against a good Southern California team, he stepped up his pace and almost blew the Trojans off the court. It was like a big boy playing keep-away with small boys. USC's Tony Paulkris broke for the basket all alone; a sure layup for two points. Tony jumped in the air, pushed the ball confidently against the backboard. Out of nowhere a large hand reached up and patted the ball against the boards. Bill Russell eased the ball down and threw out to a teammate. Ten

long strides and Russell was under his own basket. The teammate missed a set shot but the large hand reached up again and stuffed the ball in the basket. It was that way all night. In the first half Russell personally outscored the opposition with 19 points and led San Francisco to a 34-16 advantage. Then he came back to drop in five more points, make it 43-18 before his coach mercifully pulled him out of the game. San Francisco won 58-42.

If basketball men had to name a team right now which would be play-

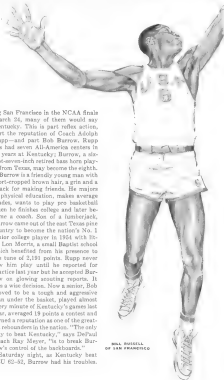
With an injured foot hurt in an athletic club initiation the Tuesday before possibly contributing to an off night, the big center played only part time, scored only seven points. But the season is a long one and none of Kentucky's opponents can afford to take much consolation from Burrow's sore foot.

Out in the mountain states, where Utah is expected to have one of the best teams of the year, Coach Jack Gardner proudly lists four returning starters from last season's Skyline Conference champions. The chief of these

ing San Francisco in the NCAA finals March 24, many of them would say Kentucky. This is part reflex action, part the reputation of Coach Adolph Rupp—and part Bob Burrow. Rupp has had seven All-America centers in 25 years at Kentucky; Burrow, a six-foot-seven-inch retired ham horn player from Texas, may become the eighth.

Burrow is a friendly young man with short-cropped brown hair, a grin and a knack for making friends. He majors in physical education, makes average grades, wants to play pro basketball when he finishes college and later become a coach. Son of a lumberjack, Burrow came out of the east Texas pine country to become the nation's No. 1 junior college player in 1954 with Little Lon Morris, a small Baptist school which benefited from his presence to the tune of 2,191 points. Rupp never saw him play until he reported for practice last year but he accepted Burrow on glowing scouting reports. It was a wise decision. Now a junior, Bob proved to be a tough and aggressive man under the basket, played almost every minute of Kentucky's games last year, averaged 19 points a contest and earned a reputation as one of the greatest rebounders in the nation. "The only way to beat Kentucky," says DePaul Coach Ray Meyer, "is to break Burrow's control of the backboards."

Saturday night, as Kentucky beat LSU 62-52, Burrow had his troubles.



BILL RUSSELL
OF SAN FRANCISCO



is Art Bunte, a deceptively easygoing fellow with the face of an overgrown cherub and the build of a football tackle. His normal playing weight is 215 on a 6-foot-3 frame, which makes him about the shortest big-time pivot man in the game, but he makes up for it with his deceptive speed, a beautiful shooting touch and one of the roughest sets of hips and elbows under the basket this side of the press of the National Basketball Association.

Bunte's confidence in himself and his teammates is supreme. "Shucks, coach," he will tell Gardner, who, like all basketball coaches, verges on apoplexy when things fail to go just right, "we'll murder these guys." And they usually do. Last year Bunte, who hooks with both hands and can hit on the jump and set shot as well, averaged 19.2 points and once scored 43 against Utah State. Saturday, when Utah opened the season against Wichita, it was an easy game and Bunte didn't have to work too hard. Playing only about half the game, he scored 12 points in a 75-51 Utah victory which saddened the initiation of Wichita's new, gleaming, flying-saucer-shaped field house. For once he had no trouble sleeping after the game. "This one wasn't close at all," Bunte said. "Not much to worry over tonight."

The antithesis of Utah's happy warrior is a seven-footer from Dayton named Bill Uhl, who lacked something last year in the way of confidence and aggressiveness but still averaged 18.5 points a game. While Bunte lives for basketball, Uhl seems to be equally interested in going into the insurance business with his father and brother, is water skiing, building hi-fi record players and operating his ham radio set. He also gained a certain measure of fame last winter when Dayton moved into New York for a performance at Madison Square Garden. Uhl became probably the tallest acrobat in the history of St. Patrick's Cathedral by serving Mass for Father Charles Collins, Dayton's dean of students.

It is hard for Uhl to heed Coach Tom

Blackburn's advice and "get tough." As a high school youngster he was tall, awkward and self-conscious ("I used to hit my head all the time going through doorways") and until his senior year in high school, after his mother died, shied away from sports. He sleeps diagonally in an oversized bed but still hangs over at the edges and, for a rather unusual reason, likes New York best of all the places Dayton plays basketball: it is the only place he knows to buy socks for his size 17 feet.

Last year, playing in his quiet, peaceable way, Bill Uhl led Dayton in scoring by hitting more than 45% of his shots from the floor, rebounded like a big cat and was a giant on defense. During the summer he worked as a bellboy for Kutscher's in the New York resort area and played basketball under Boston Celtics' Coach Red Auerbach. Somehow in the catalytic Catskills he found the aggressiveness he lacked last year. In the opener last week against Pepperdine, Uhl played only a little over half the game, scored 16 points in a 75-55 victory and caused Pepperdine Coach Duck Dettell to compare him favorably with Russell. "Russell is a little faster but he hasn't the power this Uhl has. This guy just runs over you. He's one of the top pre prospects I've seen." Two nights later Uhl hit 24 points in an 87-61 victory over Gustavus Adolphus.

Holy Cross ranks somewhere down the line when the talk is of such teams as San Francisco, Kentucky, Utah and

Dayton. But the Crusaders may be the best in the East and Tom Heinsohn, who learned to play the game under a street light in Union City, N.J., may easily qualify as one of the best anywhere. Kentucky's Rupp, without qualification, calls Heinsohn one of the outstanding players in the nation.

Heinsohn had an early determination about basketball. He remembers having to wear gloves and a Mackinaw, as a boy, to play the game outside on cold winter nights, sweeping up the snow first of course. But Heinsohn is also a cartoonist of talent and an earnest and intelligent student with an 86 average while majoring in economics.

Last year Heinsohn proved he could move gracefully despite his six-foot-seven, hit from inside or out, rebound and pass off. He averaged over 23 points a game and ran his two-year scoring total to 1,049. Saturday night, in the opener against St. Anselm's, he started out after Bob Cousy's all-time Holy Cross record of 1,775 points, achieved in a four-season career. As the Crusaders rolled up an 89-55 victory, Heinsohn tossed in 23 effortless points, picked off a dozen or so rebounds, blocked St. Anselm's shots and captained the team with assurance. In short, Holy Cross appears to have found this year's successor to LaSalle's fabulous Tom Gola.

But these five stars—and these five teams—are only a handful of the headline makers at the 1955-56 season begins. Here are more to watch, section by section.

A SECTION-BY-SECTION PREVIEW

THE MIDWEST. In the Big Ten, it's Iowa—maybe. The Hawkeyes, defending champions, lost only Deacon Davis by graduation and have back a wonderfully balanced team. Forward Carl Cain may be the standout but they're all good—and that is Iowa's strength. Illinois will be a strong challenger with a very promising sophomore—6'7" Ted Catanza—threatening to crack an all-lettermen lineup. And Indiana has enough good sophomores to be strong despite its loss of a great player in Don Schlundt. The best basketball player in the league—and certainly one of the finest shots in the country—could be Robin Freeman, whose Ohio State team is not expected to worry the leaders too much over the season.

In the Big Seven, Kansas has one of the best basketball players in the world. But he won't be able to help Phog Allen's varsity this year because Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain is a freshman.

Even so, Kansas should challenge Colorado, a surprise NCAA semifinalist last year, right down to the finish. Kansas has one of the good ones in high-scoring guard Dallas Dubs, while Colorado points with pride to a handsome 6'4" rebounder named Jim Rangle and 6'7" center George Hannah. Missouri, a definite contender, has perhaps the league's best all-round player in Norm Stewart. Nebraska is building hopefully around last year's fine sophomores, Rex Ekwali.

Bradley returns to the Missouri Valley and although probably not quite ready to bid for the championship, helps to make this, as usual, one of the country's best-balanced conferences. Houston, with 7-foot Don Holdeback one of the top scorers and rebounders, is favored. Oklahoma A & M should rank with St. Louis as a strong contender but lacks a player with the all-round

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THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT

DOWN IN DEFEAT,
UP IN VICTORY

As Tony Lawrence's seventh anniversary day, he is a man who is

celebrating. Carmen Basilio's second joyfully tells their



memorable scene illustrates a tableau of defeat and victory

last week in San Diego. (Game 1: The Devils see page 52)

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

DUCKS COME COLD ON THE



A HARSH NORTH WIND WHIPS IN OFF LAKE MANITOBA AS THE CHILLED HUNTERS MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO CAMP ACROSS THE DESOLATE DELTA.

WILLIAM A. BOBSON AND RETRIEVER LEAD WAY ACROSS STREAM. QUIRK CARRIES GARGILL MACMILLAN, NEW DOGGY TO WEAR HIP BOOTS.



PRAIRIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED STEIN

Fighting a near blizzard, 17° temperatures and a 40-mph wind, eight Minneapolis business executives spent three days hunting ducks along the southeastern edge of Lake Manitoba, Canada. Their reward: 149 plump mallards and other ducks, plus plenty to talk about until next autumn



MARSH ON LAST DAY OF THE TRIP



BURTON B. STRONG AND JOHN COWLES JR. TRODE THROUGH NEAR BLIZZARD WITH DAY'S BAG

BEING OUT OF MARSH GRASS, J. R. (RIM) WHITNEY AND MACMILLAN PREPARE TO FIRE AT DUCKS AS FREEZING DEER BATTEN WAITS TURN



A BIT OF GAMESMANSHIP

Politics is the art of belonging (inclusion as opposed to exclusion). Last week three Democrats let it be known that they are citizens of the world of sport. With a big elephant in their sights, they were pictured with bags of wild turkey, snailfish and deer

SHOOTING CANDIDATE Averell Harriman of New York and happy host, Representative Frank W. Boykin, rook over 20-pound wild turkey Harriman bowwed with his 12-gauge Party shotgun on the Congressman's 280,000-acre preserve at Milledgeville, Ala.



FISHING CANDIDATE

Adlai Stevenson, in Miami to drum up support for '74, holds up 40-foot, 45-pound snailfish he landed aboard Clarence Fife's yacht, *March-Of-Jill*, after a 28-minute battle. At left is yacht skipper, Captain Charles North.

DEER SHOT CANDIDATE

Eden Kefauver left gross revenue to 10-point buck deer he bagged on the Stonewall, Texas ranch of Lyndon B. Johnson, Senate majority leader and a long-time friend. Kefauver got the deer with his first shot.







IN THE NEUTRAL CORNER OLD BILL RAY (LEFT) RECALLS HIS BARE KNUCKLE DAYS FOR TRAINER CHARLIE COLEMAN AND MIKE MATURIN

PART II

THE UNIVERSITY OF EIGHTH AVENUE

Continuing his tour of Dr. Stillman's campus, the center of the Sweet Science in America, boxing's eminent historian pays a visit to its renowned saloon

by A. J. LIEBLING

ONE THING about the Sweet Science upon which all initiates are in agreement is that it used to be better. The exact period at which it was better, however, varies in direct ratio with the age of the fellow telling about it: if he was a fighter, it always turns out to be the time when he was fighting, and if a fight writer, the years before he began to get bored with what he was doing. Fight writers, since they last longer than boxers, are the most persistent howlers after antiquity; but Doctor Jack Kearns, the doyen of active fight managers who are doing all right, turned on them in 1962, when they were being particularly derisive of his current meal ticket, Joey Maxim, a light heavy-weight who, Kearns said, was as good as Dempsey except he couldn't hit. Since Dempsey could do little else, this was a combination of big talk and veracity illustrative of the Doctor's genius. Back in 1919 and the subsequent years of universal inflation, Kearns had Dempsey, and the older fight writers of the time used to ask what good man he ever licked. "They said Corbett would of killed him," Dr. Kearns recalled.

The reason Kearns has more perspective than most old-timers is that he is still eating in expensive restaurants. "What right have the writers got to beed?" the good Doctor wanted to know. "In the old days they used to have good fight writers. That Damon Runyon, before he went on the wagon, could lay on the floor and write better than most of these guys."

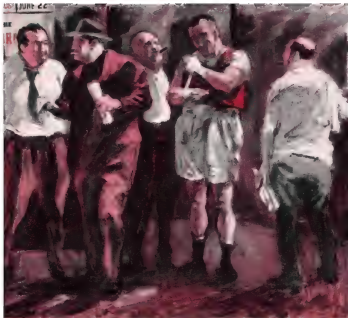
Writers were always nostalgic. William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the *Palmer Gazette*, who was the undisputed leader of critical thought in the '80s when that publication was the tables of the law for the American milling world, held that Jem Mace, the English Gypsy, was "the most scientific pugilist that ever stood in a ring." Mace had retired in 1871. Harding, whose woodcut portrait shows a figure of superb dignity in a wing collar, stock and frock coat, with two feet of watch chain cascading down his stomach and his elbow on an Empire desk, rendered the opinion

in 1881, when he reported the Sweet Science in a state of galloping decline. The heavyweight champion (bare knuckles) was Paddy Ryan, and the challenger a young fellow named John L. Sullivan, who, Harding said, was a mere boxer, a glove-fighter. Mace, according to Harding, would have defeated the two of them in a simultaneous disputation.

Yet 1851, when Mace was launching his career by knocking out Jack Pratt of Norwich in eight rounds that lasted a mere 59 minutes—a round under London Prize Ring rules ended only with a knockdown—was a year made noteworthy in English literature by the publication of *Lazarus*, in which George Borrow lamented the downfall of the ring. Borrow said there hadn't been a true good bit of stuff since Tom Spring, who retired as champion in 1834, when Borrow was 21. Tom Spring takes us back to the glorious days of Pierce Egan—the fighting son of Clio, the Muse of history—who covered the combats of heroes for some 39 years and published them in magazines of his own editing for nearly that long. Egan, a better fight writer than Runyon or Harding or William Hazlitt—who was a dilettante—was not a pitched-battle man himself. He believed in the division of labor. Egan recognized, as he wrote after the demolition of Dandy Williams, a highly touted gentleman boxer, by Josh Hudson, the "True Blue Bulldog" British pugilist, in 1820, that "Drummees and boxers, to acquire excellence, must begin young. There is a peculiar nimbleness of the wrist and exercise of the shoulder required that is only obtained from growth and practice."

From about 1830 on to the 1820s, the fighters, trainers, seconds, betting men, the idly curious and the swells who backed fighters for heavy sums—a fighter was sometimes until he found a patron—used to assemble daily at the Fives Court, a covered handball court in St. Martin's Street, near what is now Leicester Square, to spar and watch the sparring. It was the place where fighters learned from other fighters, where they could show their stuff, where they did

continued on next page



AT THE GYM, UNDER HIS TRAINER'S EYE, A BATTERED VETERAN TAPES HIS HANDS WHILE MANAGERS CONFER ON BOYF FOR FIGHTING MEN

THE UNIVERSITY OF EIGHTH AVENUE

continued from page 24

part of their conditioning and where a lot of matches were made. The Five Court was in short the Stillman's Gym of Lord Byron's England, and Byron would hang out there between cantos when his mistress' husbands were all in town at the same time. He liked to spar, but not in public. John Jackson, a retired champion of England, would come to his leadership's rooms in the Albany and spar with him, sometimes for an hour at a time. Jackson ceased his leadership into thinking he had a hell of a right hand; he advised him never to let it go at a husband or he might kill him and have to marry the widow. There are no swell backers around Stillman's now, but there is some Garment

Center money, and some of the boys are hoping to interest Robert R. Young and a couple of Texas oilmen. Admission to the Five Court was 25c, or 75c at the old rate of exchange; Stillman's gets only 54¢ now, but there is no added attraction like Byron.

"Some are of the opinion that *Sparring* is of no great use," Egan wrote, "and that it takes from the natural powers of manhood, while it only teaches fitness, that cannot prove hurtful to a courageous adversary. This, however, is merely reviving an opinion maintained by the pupils of the Old School, in which strength generally prevailed over skill."

Whitely Blumstein, Freddie Brown

and other lights of the faculty at the University of Eighth Avenue get a number of young fighters who have Old School opinions on this subject, but they generally iron them out by putting them in with some six-round kid who proves how harmful a little fitness can be. Irving Cohen, the mildest-mannered of fight managers, a plump, fair little man with a wide baby-blue stare, says: "Fighting is like education. The four-round fights are elementary school. Six-rounders is high school. Feature bouts is college, but nowadays without the small clubs we get too many boys in college without sufficient preparation."

Ten years or so ago Cohen as manager and Blumstein as trainer had a boy who would have worn the Old School

continued on page 28

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BADGERED DOG

Once the most disliked of breeds, dachshunds have outlived their wartime stigma and now rank fifth as favorite pets

by REGINALD WELLS

FEW TOGS in the history of man have been subjected to as much ridicule and invective as the German dachshund or "badger dog." Long in the trunk and low-slung on bent legs, these former hunting dogs of Austrian nobility have always suffered at the hands of the so-called humorists, particularly cartoonists who made them in wartime the symbol of enemy Germany. One look at a dachshund's peculiar shape and most people start laughing without quite knowing why. Often referred to as the "sausage dog," the dachshund has been called "half a dog high and a dog and a half long" or, alternatively, "the dog that is sold by the yard." It makes an ideal family dog, claims another source, "because all the family can get it at the same time."

In spite of—or perhaps because of—its odd appearance, more and more people are wanting to pet it all the time. The breed is, in fact, enjoying an unprecedented boom in popularity, which breeders confess far exceeds anything they anticipated. There are many reasons for the

continued on next page



WIRE-HAIRED CHAMPION Most Argh dogs loose of the nose of history in the U.S. Coarse hair comes from terrier cross.



LONG-HAIRED AND SMOOTH varieties of breed are represented above by Champion Ruddy de Banger (left) and Hikape Jay, a black-and-tan standard bitch. Long-haired dachshunds are believed to be an old variety produced by spitzel crossbreeding.



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BADGERED DOG

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dachshunds' popularity other than its lambent charm; they are little or no trouble to keep, are economical to feed, do not need their ears cropped or tails docked, are exceptionally clean and thrive on apartment living.

First introduced to America in the late '70s and registered by the American Kennel Club in 1885, dachshunds hit their all-time low in popularity during World War I when, along with everything else associated with Teutonic origin, they were suspected of treason or at least dangerous thoughts. The public disapproval of the breed reached such intensity that, along with sauerkraut (which overnight became "liberty cabbage"), the dachshund officially changed its name, calling itself "badger dog" for a few years.

USED AS WAR DOGS

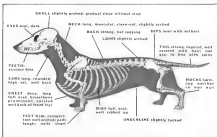
A week after World War II was declared, the Dachshund Club of America—national association of dachshund owners—received reports that dachshunds were being stoned in the streets and kicked and that many were having tin cans tied to their tails. Determined that their breed should not again suffer as it had during the first world war, the breeders' club successfully carried on a vigorous public relations campaign directed at editors and cartoonists in particular. Their efforts were aided considerably by such dachshunds as John Chaff's Zep v Waldbach which, as a war dog in the

Italian and North African campaigns, reached hero status after uncovering, along with another dachshund, over 600 enemy mines. The popularity of the breed was kept up throughout the hostilities and at war's end the dachshund began its climb to its present eminence. There are now about 100,000 registered dachshunds in the U.S. and they rank fifth in registration after beagles, boxers, cockers and Chihuahuas. In 1934, by comparison, there were only 23 dachshunds registered in this country.

The origin of the dachshund is difficult to trace. The historical facts of the breed's development are no longer separable from the background of myth in which they are imbedded. Dachshund lovers, with more zeal than accuracy, variously claim that their dogs' ancestors turned the spit in England, were the pets of ancient Egypt's pharaohs, were cousins to the Pekingese owned by Chinese royalty, were hunters in France and Belgium and were even found as mummified remains of the Inca civilization.

Actually, the earliest known records of dogs hunting badgers are contained in woodcuts published in 1599, and the German name *Dackshund* (pronounced "dash-hunt") was being used as early as 1681. According to Laurence Herxell, a dachshund authority, "the real origin of the breed is embraced in the 300 years (1550-1850) during

continued on next page



DACHSHUND CONFORMATION: In general, the body should be long, compact and close to the ground. The clean-cut head must taper uniformly and the forequarters

should be muscular, compact, with legs vertical in profile and covering the deepest point of chest. The upper arm should be close to the ribs; hindquarters well rounded.



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More than 600,000 families already read it. And read it with real devotion.

...That's from here to a certainty.

BADGERED DOG

continued from page 29

which German foresters and gamekeepers, along with landowning noblemen, sought to produce a badger dog capable of fighting his prey underground."

The primary requirements were short legs and a comparatively slender body so that the dog could maneuver in tight burrows underground. Since the air supply was limited, rhinos and lungs had to be well developed in length, too. Other characteristics were acquired as selective breeding continued. A long neck and tapered muzzle gave almost rapierlike efficiency to the dog's head, and an elastic skin which was loose enough to stretch and slip when going through tight spots of the burrow but which would snap back into place and leave no grab-holds for the adversary completed the functional attributes of the good badger dog.

All these qualities are still combined in the dachshunds of today; and, although few are used for their original purpose of hunting badgers, they are judged in show competition against a standard based on the original functional purpose of the breed.

Although it is the short-haired, or smooth, variety of dachshund which is best known in the U.S.—estimated at 80% of the breed—there are two other varieties currently recognized by the American Kennel Club, the long-haired and the wire-haired dachshund. The long-haired variety has existed since earliest times and is believed by

some to be either a distinct species of its own or a sub-variety of the smooth dachshund brought about by a cross with the water spaniel.

Wire-haired dachshunds evolved early in the 19th century as a result of a cross with the wire-haired pointer and the English Dandie Dinmont. They were developed primarily to provide a wiry terrier-type coat as protection against foul weather and fleas.

MINIATURES INCREASING

The original color of dachshunds was brown (now officially called red), but very numerous today are the black and tan. There have been, and still are, albinoistic variants, including dapples, chocolates and a gray which is known as "blue." In the wire-haired variety a color called "wild boar"—a tweedy-looking salt-and-pepper mixture—is desirable.

Currently gaining popularity in this country are miniature dachshunds (weight under nine pounds when adult) which are being bred in all varieties.

To those who have owned dachshunds their growing popularity is quite understandable. Born comical with a droll expression, they have little doggy odor, are completely self-reliant, thrive in all climates, readily take to transportation and are just as much at home in an apartment as on a farm.

Their stigma now long since outlived, dachshunds can look forward to a very bright future. (C.N.B.)



"Hartley, thank God you're comin'!"

TENNIS

by JAMES MURRAY
and WHITNEY TOWER

TWO FINE TENNIS PLAYERS NAMED
GONZALES AND TRABERT START A
SWING THROUGH SIX CONTINENTS
THIS WEEK TO SEE WHO IS CHAMP

AS THE LEADING AMATEURS KNOW it, the game of tennis is a game of good fun and fortune, a way to dashing headlines and an easy passage to a world tour with all expenses paid. With the professionals it is slightly different. One—and only one of them—hits the world-tour jackpot. The winner is asked if he'd like to try his luck again, the loser is usually told to look for other employment.

The professional tour promoted by former Champ Jack Kramer, which opens in New York this week, is only for the hardy. It will last 15 months. It will play before a quarter of a million spectators on six continents. It may, somewhere along the line, establish a world tennis champion. And it may even make money.

Kramer, a couple of months back, had what he thought was a natural promotion. He had as his star attraction two-time U.S. Champion Tony Trabert. And to test the ability of the young crew-cut Cincinnati he was recruiting heavily on Australian Davis Cup Stars Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, both of whom, says Kramer, gave him signed agreements that they would turn professional. Neither, however, did. Although he was obviously concerned over the loss of Hoad and Rosewall, Kramer still had a plan: he himself would play Trabert, who—despite his Davis Cup loss to Hoad—was heralded as the world's No. 1 amateur on the basis of victories in both the Wimbledon and U.S. championships without the loss of a single set. When Kramer gave out the word, he got it right back—from one Pancho Gonzales who, with full backing from the press, claimed that he and not Jack Kramer was entitled to a shot at this upstart named Trabert. Among his qualifications Gonzales boldly pointed out that he had proved in the last two seasons there wasn't a pro in the world—not Sedgman, McGregor, Segura, Budge or anyone else—who had been able to get the better of him. With an appropriate sense of promotion and a hungry eye on advance sales, Kramer hurriedly rung up and agreed that Gonzales was indeed just the man to inject a show-stopping act into the tennis circus.

As his opening act Kramer is offering a handy-begged little Ecuadorian, Pancho Segura, who manages to rank just behind Gonzales as the second-best professional in the world, against Rex Hartwig, the Australian also-ran, a temperamental man who is as apt to serve up a ruck as he is an ace. In fairness to Hartwig it may be said that he is regarded as one of the game's all-time outstanding right-court doubles players. As Trabert is probably the game's most proficient left-court doubles man alive today, it is conceivable that the match, in which Hartwig and Trabert will pair against the two Panchos, could be the highlight of the whole show.

For all that Kramer is putting into his promotion, the old pro is taking a big gamble to make a profit. Trabert has a guarantee of \$75,000; Hartwig a \$30,000 guarantee, Gonzales a \$15,000 guarantee and Segura a \$12,500 guarantee. When the tour moves abroad (where Frank Sedgman is expected to replace Segura) pay scales will come in

for a review. Kramer's own rewards will be speculative; the prestige of promoting and 45% of every dollar the tour grosses over \$140,000 (most successful tour to date: 1963, with Kramer, Sedgman, McGregor and Segura, which grossed \$394,000). "This last tour," says Kramer, "did only \$126,000. If it does as poorly this year I won't have enough left to string my own racket."

Uncertainty adds excitement, and the Trabert-Gonzales match could emerge as the greatest of any series. There is no love lost between the two stars. Gonzales has had to fight for position all the way up the line. He hasn't forgotten the days when as a fun-loving Mexican-American of 15 he skipped school as often that southern California tennis authorities refused him invitations to the top tournaments and, in effect, drove him to work out his own game on the public park courts while his better-disciplined contemporaries were enjoying the coaching and recreational facilities of the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Today Gonzales insists he's the best in the world. Pancho also recently revealed bluntly: "I'm not satisfied with the financial arrangements, but I had to agree to Kramer's terms to establish myself as No. 1."

Gonzales must be favored on two counts: his tremendous series and his valuable experience on indoor courts.

continued on next page



"HAVE RACKETS—WILL TRAVEL" is the common slogan of Gonzales and Trabert

as they start pre tour. On the courts for the next 15 months their smiles will vanish.

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TENNIS

continued from page 47

where the physical setup and lighting vary nightly. In Trabert's favor one can point out an ever-green competitive spirit and a better-than-average ability to deal with strong serves. "The indoor game," says Bill Talbert, Trabert's former Davis Cup captain and personal coach, "requires that a player constantly move in to meet the ball instead of waiting until the ball reaches the player. Tony has had enough experience indoors not to be fooled by the change in bounce or speed. I think he'll do all right." Although Gonzales is considered by most veteran observers capable of sweeping Trabert clean

FOUR FACTS & FIGURES

EVENT: Jack Kramer's third professional tour, covering the United States, South America, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa in 15 months.

PLAYERS: Tony Trabert, 25, U.S. amateur champion, 1953, '55; Wimbledon champion, 1955; pro turned pro.

Richard Gonzales, 27, U.S. amateur champion, 1945-49; turned pro 1949.

Francisco Segura, 34, three-time intercollegiate champion; turned pro 1947.

Ken Hartwig, 26, member of Australian Davis Cup team; just turned pro.

PAIRINGS: Trabert vs. Gonzales, best of five sets; Segura vs. Hartwig, one set; Segura and Gonzales vs. Hartwig and Trabert, best of three sets.

OPENING NIGHT: December 9, Madison Square Garden, New York City, 8:30 p.m.

(See COMING EVENTS for subsequent schedule.)

off the courts. Promoter Kramer thinks that isn't likely. "I have a great amount of confidence in Trabert as a competitor," he says. "I think Gonzales has proven himself, and now it's up to Trabert to prove himself. He's working hard at it and I'm sure he will."

Last week, before the tour started its 100-match, 100,000-mile U.S. leg, Trabert and Gonzales were putting the finishing touches on their "big" games. After the Madison Square Garden premiere the circus moves on to the road: first by air to a few major cities, then via a modern caravan of station wagons carrying a portable canvas duck court, black-and-tackle net posts, 36 dozen tennis balls—and even 4,000 auxiliary programs for the towns where promoters cannot afford to print their own. At the end of the run Kramer hopes he'll be able to afford to print an even better program for 1957—a program, for instance, that would feature the Gonzales-Trabert winner against Lew Hoad or Ken Rosewall. **END**

FOOTBALL

by ALFRED WRIGHT

THE PROS HAVE BEEN THRILLING
CROWDS WITH CLIFFHANGERS
AS THE NEW TALENT PROVES ITS
METTLE AND LIVES IN THE LEAGUE

THE SCORE is tied at 35-35 with only 35 seconds left in the game. Lou Groza, the Cleveland Browns' tackle, is standing on the New York Giants' 21-yard line plunging his right toe into a football held by his teammate Tommy James. The ball travels only a couple of yards before it is deflected by the groping hand of Pat Knight, a charging Giant defender. Knight has found a clear lane to the kicker because Maurice Bassett, the Cleveland fullback, moves over to block the outside man. The Giants take possession, and with only one play left the cliffhanger ends in a draw.

Over and over again this year—19 times in 66 games to be exact—the 12 members of the National Football League have enacted one of these cliffhangers, as they like to call them: games in which the score had been so close that the last play could (and sometimes did) change it. Actually, the blocking of Groza's kick was more the exception than the rule, since many of these Garrison finishes have been climaxed by successful place kicks, as in Philadelphia that same Sunday when Les Richter's gave the Los Angeles Rams a 28-21 victory over the Philadelphia Eagles.

The year of the cliffhanger might well be the title of a season in which the pros have never been more evenly matched, game for game. Poor Philadelphia, diamally mired in the rack of the Eastern Division with a 4-6-1 record, has dropped three cliffhangers, the largest by a four-point margin to the Browns. Had these games gone the other way, the Eagles would now enter the final Sunday tied with the Browns for the lead. And had the Browns' three cliffhangers gone against them, the Eagles would be leading! But that's football—pro football, anyway—and the proof that class still tells is offered by those same old Browns, who have already won their sixth division title in six tries.

Be you have to look to the Western Division for statistical proof of the undeniable fact that the entire league has never been better balanced. During the first 11 weeks the Rams, Chicago Bears, Baltimore Colts and Green

Bay Packers have been toting the lead around like a medicine ball, and with only one game left the Rams and Bears are still fighting it out.

The pros can thank their orderly and sensible player draft for this healthy state of affairs. Last year the Detroit Lions, San Francisco 49ers and Bears were the division terrors; this year the Lions and 49ers are the doormats while the Packers and Colts, last year's doormats, are real trouble. In all cases it's the new men—or lack of them—who have spelled the difference. Baltimore, at the bottom of the league, spent plenty of scouting money and had two of the first three choices last winter (one through the bonus choice). They took Shaw and Ameche, the mainstays in this year's attack. They have 12 rookies on the 33-man squad, seven of them starters. On the other hand, the Lions and 49ers are short on fresh talent while their veterans are getting slower and more fragile.

A FEARFUL GAME

But the real power of the draft is to be found in the current success of George Halas' Bears. After his miserable 1952 season, Halas (who is this year

winding up his 35-year coaching career) started building up a fearsome edge of football's offensive weapons—ends and backs; the ends for the sudden-death touchdowns pass, the quarterbacks to throw and running backs to keep the defense honest. Among the Bears' younger generation these days, Fullback Rick Casares is one of the league's truly great fullbacks. Quarterback Ed Brown ranks second among the passers, and line ends like Bill McColl, Gene Schroeder and Harlon Hill are sometimes used all at once to give opponents the heebie-jeebies.

This year the draft positions are somewhat reversed. As a sort of early wedge against Canadian raids, the pros drafted their first three rounds in late November with the rest of the draft to follow in January, as usual. The 49ers got All-Americans Earl Morrall and Bruce Besley. Detroit chose Howard Casady, who won the Heisman Award. The Eagles picked Bob Pellegrini and Frank D'Agostino, All-America linemen. Pittsburgh, which won this year's bonus choice, took Gary Glick, a little-known quarterback from Colorado A&M.

Top college stars are not always foolproof. One year as its first choice a team selected an All-Star back and suddenly discovered he wasn't bright enough to learn the offensive plays—something some of the other teams knew in advance. But despite such risks the odds are that this year's draft will again serve to produce more and livelier cliffhangers for years to come. (RWB)



BLOCKED PLACE KICK. runner deflected to snap in previous play, is snatched by Giant Pat Knight (32) who deflects Lou Groza's attempt in last seconds of game with Cleveland.

BOXING

by BUDD SCHULBERG

ONE OF THE GREAT FIGHTERS OF ALL TIME, SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, MAKES HIS COMEBACK BIG THIS WEEK. HE'S FIGHTING BIG ODDS

IT is a period when the art of boxing was sliding into its decadence. Sugar Ray Robinson heaved like a throwback to the brilliant 1910s and '20s. In those days when you described a man as a great boxer, you didn't mean that he was merely an elusive footwork artist and rapid but delicate jabber like our Zofista or Johnny Grieshaber. When you boxed well, you knew not only how to avoid punishment, but how to deal it out strategically.

That was the way of Sugar Ray. I first saw him nearly 15 years ago when he was only a year and a dozen fights out of the amateurs. But he was one of those naturals, like Joe DiMaggio and Ernest Hemingway. He had speed and grace and *determination and power* and endurance and passion. In his second year as a pro he had beaten Sammy Angott, Marty Servo and Pitaine Zivie. His 27th fight, nearly 14 years ago, was a return match with Zivie and he let the fight game know he was ready for the welterweight title by knocking out the ex-champion.

Sugar Ray was a picture fighter in those early '40s. He had the long, slender, rippling-muscled legs of a dancer. If you wanted to box, he outboxed you, and if you wanted to fight, he outfought you. There was not a welterweight in the world who could touch him then; perhaps there never was. They wouldn't let him fight for the title because, held officially by aincible champion called Red Cochrane, it was the personal property of the boys in the back room. To get work, Ray moved in on the middleweights. He beat Jake LaMotta in October, 1942. Ray had to fight four more years and win 58 more bouts before they finally let him try for the welterweight title. Red Cochrane had ducked him and retired. His successor as "champion," Marty Servo, had ducked him and retired. Now Tommy Bell, a colored welterweight trial horse, met Sugar in an "elimination" bout for the title. Ray was knocked dizzy in the second round. He looked all in at the end of four. It took him a few more rounds to pull himself together again. By the 11th he was the Sugar Ray the Garden regulars had learned never to bet against.

After five and a half years of dreary run-arounds, the welterweights had a champion who was his fights in the ring. It was a refreshing change.

There was that winter night in Chicago when Ray challenged LaMotta for the middleweight title. The experts had faulted Robinson as an elegant welterweight who was too frail, too slight, too short on ruggedness, ever to stay up there with the best of the middleweights. But that night in Chicago against the vicious hull of the Bronx he fought beautifully, fiercely, until the 13th round, when he hit Jake with enough combinations to drop a dozen middleweights. Jake didn't drop; he just stood there, a bloody, snuborn heap of flesh waiting for more.

Sugar Ray toured Europe, a glib boy with a black skin. He was the darling of Paris. They mobbed his luxurious Cadillac. It was a wonderful spring anniversary in Zurich, Antwerp, Liege, Turin—until Randy Turpin, awkward, hard-hitting, a lesser playboy, took his title away in London.

I saw Ray, with a bloody eye, take the title back from Turpin with a passionate outburst in the 10th round in the New York return match. This was a rich, slipping, aging Ray Robinson. Good enough, though, to take the measure of the fading Graziano and an up-and-coming Bobo Olson. Good enough to look like a shoo-in to turn the trick no middleweight champion has ever been able to do: win the light heavy-weight crown. After 12 rounds in the Yankee Stadium he was so far in feet of Joe, Maxie that he couldn't lose unless he was knocked out. But it was 130" under the lights on an airless summer night, and at the end of the 13th, with punchless Joe as an innocent bystander, Ray collapsed from the heat.

Retirement. Honor. Money. I'll know when I'm through, Robinson had boasted. But the big pay nights and the fickle idolaters sing a siren song.

Joe Rindone, who fights as if he was here to suffer, was chosen as victim No. 1 on Ray's retired hit parade. Joe obliged by getting himself knocked out in the sixth round. The durable, forward-moving, uninspired but unreluctant Tiger Jones was nominated as foil No. 2, but this sturdy second-rate Tiger forgot to read the script. He plain beat the starch out of the disenchanted Sugar Ray. Finally they put Ray in with the leading middleweight contender, the slippery and over-cautious Castellani. Ray was on spirit and nerve



"If I'm darling over you, Mr. Democrat?"

two-handed flurries but his legs were dragging at the end of 10.

And now the stage is set for Act III in the drama of Sugar Ray. In the same ring where he won his title gloriously, he aspires once more to rule the middle-weights. It is a fight so far should miss, if only because it belongs to the history of the ring, to the tragedy of a game that devours even the most gifted and the most canny of its children.

Maybe Robinson, off his timing and slower on his marvelous, dancing legs, can paste together his experience and passion and take the 27-year-old Bobo Olson out early. But the gamblers, who always went with this phenomenal winner (137 pro battles), are laying 3-1 the Sagar has melted away.

In Boston last week, however, age once more gave the back of its hand to upstart youth. It was like sitting through the same movie twice as Carmen Basilio and Tony DeMarco met for their title rematch. Carmen took a beating in the early rounds, Tony ran out of gas about the ninth, Carmen clobbered Tony into innumerate submission in the 12th. It was the same script as in Syracuse last June, when Basilio took DeMarco's spang-new welterweight title from him. It was a good movie, though, nicely cast if you like tough types, with plenty of action, suspense and excitement. Running time was two seconds longer than the previous showing, but that may have been because the referee seemed a little slow in his counting.

The plot was actually better this time. The boys in the back room had shored it up with prefight talk that unless Carmen could knock out Tony the Boston officials would villainously vote their hometown hero back into the championship. As it turned out, Tony was leading on all the official cards (but justifiably so) when Carmen made them suitable only for framing with a succession of hard right smashes to Tony's head. Tony went down for a count of eight, got up, and wobbled into the arms of the referee. The referee took slow and exceeding care in wiping off Tony's gloves and then Carmen was on him again, with more rights, and Tony was down and the referee was stopping the fight for a TKO in 1:54 of the 12th round.

Carmen added a last touch in the fade-out when he reported that he had injured his left hand in an early round. It will be ready, though, he added, when he meets ex-Champion Johnny Saxton, probably in February. Saxton had better be ready too. (K.R.R.)



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THE UNIVERSITY OF EIGHTH AVENUE

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tie if he had ever worn a tie at all. He was a fellow named Rocky Graziano, who, like Jack Scroggins, one of Egan's heroes, relied purely on "desecrified ferocity." "Nobody never learned him nothing," Professor Birnsteln concedes. Graziano had, however, a precious asset in addition to a punch, which latter is not as rare as you might think. "If he hurt you, he wouldn't lose you," Professor Birnsteln's associate, Professor Brown, decried in one of a recent series of lectures on Mr. Graziano. "He would never let you go. If he had to he would grab you by the throat and knock your brains out and apologize after the fight." Fighters who do not warm up until along are a dime a dozen, but the colleagues have a high esteem for a fighter who warms up when he stings the other guy. Graziano's scholastic deficiencies became apparent when he stopped fighting men lighter than he was. He met two good middleweights (he was a middleweight) in his life, Tony Zale and Ray Robinson, and they knocked him out three times in a total of 12 rounds. Against Robinson, Graziano was like Scroggins when the latter met the scientific Ned Turner, who could box and hit, at Sawbridge-worth in Hertfordshire, in 1817. "He was at sea without a rudder—no sight of land appeared in view." In between the Zale knockouts, though, Graziano knocked Zale out once, which remains as his only solid accomplishment in the record books. But as a drawing card he was, like Scroggins long ago, immense. "In point of attraction, what Kean has been to the boards of Drury Lane theatre, Scroggins has proved to the prize ring," Egan wrote in 1818.

Within an easy jaunt of the Fives Court there were numerous pubs that welcomed the trade of the milling coveys and their knowing friends. The Castle, Holborn, which was kept in turn by three famous heroes—Bob Gregson, Tom Belcher and finally Tom Spring himself—was perhaps the best known. Gregson was a vast lump of a heavyweight who never quite won the championship, although he made several desperate bids for it. Tom Belcher—he had an even more famous older brother—was a cutie and a gentleman. In the Castle the critics would dissect the latest battles. The fighters would try to provoke turnups with mere ill-humored colleagues which might lead to official battles later on. The fighter who made a good showing in a rough-and-tumble in a well-frequented pub

might attract a patron who would back him in a regular battle. If the fighter won, the patron took down the stakes, but he might give some to the fighter. When Tom Cribb beat Tom Molineux in 1811, for example, Captain Barclay, a famous sport of the day, won 110,000 over the match. Cribb got 1400—and all Bocciana thought it generous of the captain. Cribb had to fight only 11 rounds to win Barclay's bet, anyway—a breeze.

The fighters joined their admirers in basking Blue Ruin, which was just another name for Daffy, or gin, and Heavy Wet, which was ale. There was a belief that a pint of Wet, taken after every gill of Daffy, would keep the drinker sober longer; the present notion is that a beer chaser, or hell-maker's helper, accelerates intoxication. So does medical theory swing full circle with the ages. The Blue Ruin was calculated to put the fighters in a proper mood for ad lib assaults upon their friends. The Wet was recommended to build up their constitutions.



PIERCE COOK, BOXING'S EARLY HISTORIAN

Water was considered debilitating. Some care had to be exercised, however, even in the use of nourishing intoxicants. An 1831 treatise on training is explicit: "Our man may avoid taking the beer of two different breweries in the same day; for the variety of proportions and kinds of ingredients used, (if sought worse), will kick up a combustion in his guts."

Dutch Sam, the greatest little man of his age—he weighed 131 pounds and beat good men of 160—trained on Blue Ruin, but his practice was not indorsed by the Birnsteln of his time. In fact when, in 1814, at the age of

36, Sam succumbed in only 38 rounds to Bill Nossworthy, the Baker, they all said that if he had stuck to Heavy Wet he would not have had such a premature downfall.

The Neutral Corner, at Eighth Avenue and 55th Street, is to Stillman's what the Castle Tavern was to the Fives Court. Managers and trainers adjourn there after Dr. Lou Stillman, the President of the University of Eighth Avenue, locks the iron grille across the portals of his Ivy-League sweatbar at 3 in the afternoon. The managers receive telephone calls at the Neutral, and the trainers exchange gripes, often about a hostile region known as out-of-town, which in their stories is the equivalent of west of the Missouri in the works of A.B. Guthrie. Referees and judges out-of-town are notoriously treacherous, and the boxing commission physicians there are even worse. They will stop a fight if the New York boxer has an eyelash brushed back into his eye, but they will let the out-of-town fellow continue even if he looks like he had been hit by a Cadillac. Out-of-town it has gotten so you cannot even rely on an opponent. An opponent is supposed to offer a credible degree of opposition. That is why he is called an opponent. But a trainer who hangs out in the Corner came back from Washington, in the state of D.C., a week or two ago, spluttering with rage because the promoter had provided a cut-price opponent. "The opponent comes out in the first round and goes down three times without we had hit him yet," the trainer raved. The commission had accordingly declared the bout no contest, and held up the purse of the fighter the opponent had not waited to be hit by. "Can you imagine?" the trainer said. "A bum like that has the nerve to call himself an opponent."

Nick Masmura, behind the bar, said: "Out-of-town you're dead."

Nick, a restaurant man who used to be an armory middleweight, is one of the three proprietors of the Neutral. He thought of the name and founded the place, later taking in as partners Chickie Bogard, a former matchmaker, and Frankie Jacobs, better known as Frankie Jay, a former manager. That gives them quite a diversity of points of view on the Sweet Science, and a visit to the Neutral Corner has a didactic value for undergraduates of the University of Eighth Avenue, who go there to play shuffleboard, put slugs in the cigarette machine and listen to their elders if that is indispensable in persuading Nick to let their take run

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another week on account the six in Danbury fell through. Trainers do not mind their clean-cut American youths being in a saloon where they can watch them. Many features of the Neutral are qualified to instruct, for example the hundreds of photographs of oldtime worthwhile fighters, men who have become classics, like the portraits of John Marshall and Coke and Blackstone in a law school.

Nick is a big man nowadays; he was a tall, rangy middleweight who broadened with the years. As senior proprietor he works the day shift, and so he knows all the day customers he can tell them where to get off. "Don't be miserable," he will call out to an enraging who wants service when Nick wants to talk baseball at the other end of the bar, or "What makes you so miserable?" to a manager who wants change for a quarter so he can put in a call for out-of-town and ask if they will accept the charges. If Nick is looking up some important fact in Nat Fleischer's *Ring Record Book and Boxing Encyclopedia*, which is kept in the drawer of the cash register to settle bets, he will let the manager wait a long time. When Nick, who is 48, was fighting, Whitey, who is 59, was already a trainer. (When Whitey was fighting, he would never train, but he does not emphasize that in his lectures.) Sometimes, when undergraduates are within earshot—they would have to go out the front door and run a block to get out of it—Nick tells about a time he was fighting a guy in the 103d Medical Regiment Armory and he was so arm-weary that he said to Whitey, between rounds, "Be careful with that sponge, Whitey, you're getting water on my gloves. It makes them heavy."

"And Whitey looks up at me," Nick says, "and he says, 'You little bum, if you dare your roadwork right you wouldn't feel this way. I hope he kills you.'"

At this point an irreverent undergrad sometimes asks: "How many miles you run every morning in them days, Nick? A hundred, or a hundred?"

Nick goes on without honoring the interruption. "And the guy I was fighting was a bum," he says. "A nothing fighter. I done it to myself."

All the Neutral Corner wits consider it a misfortune that the period of technological unemployment in the Sweet Science caused by television should coincide with a time when the cost of feeding fighters has reached an unprecedented peak. It is an old, continued on next page

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conviction-ridden art, and none of the trainers has yet tried to feed Cheerios, Popsicles, or any other form of succedaneum for nourishment advertised by the sponsors of competing television programs, which might reduce feeding costs. Nick, who is a good restaurant man and has a good cook, Jimmy the Chef, says it costs at least \$3.50 a day to feed a fighter three meals, "and that's only giving him a steak every other night. If he has a fight coming up he's got to have a steak every day." Maybe he doesn't, but everybody connected with the Sweet Science believes he does, and there is a morale factor involved. A tear still wells to each eye when I remember a story by Jack London I read when I was 12 about a fighter in Australia, a ha-been, whose family butcher refused him credit for a bit of steak before his last stand. It is a real Jack London fight, like Marlon Brando versus Burt Lancaster on a carpet of eyeballs, and the veteran needs the strength for just one more appallingly terrific punch to pull it out—but he hasn't had the steak. His arm falls as limp as a vegetable dinner, and the sloin-stuffed betting choice knocks him out. It would make a great brochure for the American Meat Institute.

The managers, who usually okay the bills for fighters on pension at the Neutral, are lucky at that that they aren't living in the days of John L. Sullivan, who ate beefsteaks or mutton chops three times a day when he trained.

"Sullivan rises at 7 a.m. and washes, brushes his teeth and rinses his mouth, and takes a swallow of pure spring water," it says in *The History of the Prize Ring* (1881), with lives of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, a work long wrongly attributed to William Dean Howells, "then removes his night clothes and is sponged with sea water [so his skin wouldn't out], rubbed perfectly dry with coarse towels, dresses himself and takes a walk of a mile. It is then about 8 a.m., at which time he breakfasts on beefsteak or mutton chops cooked to suit the taste, coarse bread, with butter, and a cup of weak tea. His appetite is always good, and there is no occasion for an aperitif. Half an hour after breakfast the is dressed so as to be comfortable for the purpose; he takes a brisk walk of from eight to 10 miles, the last two of which are with an increase of speed to bring on a good perspiration. Going direct to his room he is stripped and rubbed down with the coarse towels. When perfectly cool he is sponged with sea water and given another good rubbing. Then he dresses and remains quiet until dinner, which is at one o'clock p.m.,

and consists of beef or mutton, roasted or boiled, plenty of stale bread, with butter and one or two potatoes. [Being a heavyweight, he naturally wasn't worried about poundage.] He remains quiet after dinner for an hour, when he commences exercise in hitting a foot-ball suspended from the ceiling, or using dumbbells or club swinging, or short sprint [sic] races, such as suits his fancy. He takes supper at 8 p.m., of cold roast beef or mutton or mutton chops, stale bread with butter, plain apple sauce and weak tea, and once or twice a week Irish or Scotch oatmeal, well cooked, with milk. After supper he takes a moderate walk of half an hour and retires at 9 p.m., sleeping in none of the clothes worn during the day. He has sufficient cover on his bed to be comfortable and no more, as he says he never perspires excepting when exercising."

Sullivan, although it is scarcely likely that he had read Egan, held with the Old School of scrapprars. He had a chopping left and a swinging right, and believed in bottling up his energy until he saw the other fellow in front of him, when he would simply rush. Anybody who read his daily menu could have predicted that he would outlast Ryan, who breakfasted on "mutton chops or beefsteak, medium cooked, with just enough salt upon it to make it palatable," dined on "roast beef and sometimes a leg of mutton," with a bottle of Bass or Scotch ale, but then weakened and took for supper "a couple of boiled eggs, some toast and a cup of tea." He obviously lacked stamina. Ryan had won his claim to the world championship by beating a man named Joe Goss in 87 rounds, but Sullivan did him in 16 nine.

One of the results of high maintenance costs is that a good many kids go to work. This is a test of dedication. Ernie Roberts and Karl Dennis, two fine colored welterweights I know, do their roadwork in the streets at 5 o'clock in the morning, shower, change into business clothes, go into the center of Manhattan and work an eight-hour day, do their sparring after hours and then go home to their respective wives and families. The message in this situation, from a cultural point of view, is that the fighter may get to like his job. Roberts is already betraying an alarming interest in the hardware business. Dennis appears to have a more definite vocation. "I have fighting all through me," he told me once. "Before I turned professional I used to walk down the street and hope somebody would give me a hard look. But then I decided if I get



"You're right; you did get a real deal. Now I represent the law firm of Barten and Shaw..."

my head beat in I want to get it for money." Dennis won a voice contest at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, however, and now every time he sings a cadenza in the shower, a shadow crosses his manager's face.

A visitor who brightens the Neutral Corner whenever he shows up is Charlie Goldman, Rocky Marciano's trainer, leading claimant of the American derby-hat-and-fossil-breasted-suit championship since the death of James Jay Johnston, the great manager known into his 70s as the Boy Bandit. The championship fell into Johnston's handkerchief pocket when Jimmy Walker skipped the herring pond in 1931, and when the Boy Bandit died, Goldman was left in a class by himself. Mr. Goldman, who is on sabbatical leave from the University of Eighth Avenue during Marciano's professional life expectancy, is a jockey-sized man with a mashed, intelligent face, who had 100 fights as a bantam-weight, 60 with the same adversary, a contemporary named George Kitten. They were as well known in their field as Van and Schenck, or Duffy and Sweeney. In the late '30s Goldman used to train a large stable of fighters for Al Weill, for whom he trains Marciano now. Weill kept the whole herd in a brownstone house on West 94th Street, near the Central Park Reservoir, and Goldman had the front parlor bedroom so he could check on them. "In those days," Goldman said, joining one of the conversations on commentary problems, "Al would give each fighter a \$5 meal ticket good for \$5.50 in trade at the coffee pot on the corner of Columbus, and most of the kids made the week on one ticket. We were feeding four and a half fighters for what one costs today, and they were all feature fighters." It is a dismal statistic that a four-round fighter eats as much as a star.

Mr. Goldman, however, does not blame the present low level of artistic competences upon either television or the high cost of living. "It is compulsory education," he says. "You take a kid has to stay in school until he is sixteen, he is under a disadvantage. All the things he should have learned to do when he was young he has to start at the beginning. How to move his feet, slip a punch, throw a hook—like finger exercises on the piano. [Here was Egan's old analogy with the drummer, proving that the Sweet Science is indeed a perpetuum, like the Manipuri dance or *Mis Darling Clementine*. The time of Clementine was old in 18th century Spain.] A fighter shouldn't have to think about these things, he should

continued on next page

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think about how to use them. A kid learns them before he begins to think about girls, they are the most important thing in the world to him. Sixteen is too old, especially the way kids are today."

Professor Goldman himself, who is a middle-aged 67 if you accept the birth date in the record books, began to box professionally when he was 9 years old, having been a more street fighter before that. Goldman lived near Terrible Terry McGovern in South Brooklyn then—McGovern was a veteran still in his teens, with a string of knockouts as long as your arm. McGovern had a kid brother about Goldman's age, and Sam Harris, McGovern's manager, used to get them to fighting. Harris was George M. Cohan's partner in the theater. He taught the boys boxing gloves and fights—real fighters wore fights that covered their legs then, a vestigial relic of the bare-knuckle days. Combining his flair for the ring and theater, Harris used to present the boys in three-round bouts at smokers. Terry would work his kid brother's corner and another Brooklyn fighter named George Munroe would second Charlie. "We learned a lot that way," the savant says. "They always had a bet going, so we had to take it serious." By the time he was 14 he was traveling around the

country, arranging his own fights and collecting his purses when possible; and when he was 16 he could place women in their proper perspective. "I never married," the Professor says. "I always live a la carte." Women are probably the most delicate pedagogical obstacle a trainer has to temporize with. "You can sweat out beer," the great aphorist Sam Langford once said, "and you can sweat out whiskey. But you can't sweat out women." There is a theory among less profound exponents of the Science, though, that love, once legitimized, is no longer vitiating, and athletes with proper religious feelings who have been wary, moderate sinners sometimes become self-destructively uxorious after the church has solemnized the union. Professor Goldman sometimes has to function as a marriage counselor despite his inexperience, but he finds it a hand-icap. "One guy said to me his wife told him, 'What does Goldman know about it? He's never been married,'" the Professor says.

Marciano is the partial exception to all Goldman's rules. The heavyweight champion started late, but takes him all in all, his preceptor says, he is a hell of a fighter. He always takes Charlie's advice. Also he is the hardest-working heavyweight who ever lived, training as if he purposed to make up all the lessons he missed before the age of 23. (He is 31 now.) His great assets are stamina

and leverage, but the Professor has taught him a lot about how to use them. "I don't like to be away from him long," Professor Goldman said. "He forgets. It isn't like he learned them things when he should. We got to have half an hour every day for review." Mr. Goldman was in the Corner not long ago when a reneasant old gentleman—wiry, straight and white-haired—walked into the saloon and invited the proprietors to his 90th birthday party, in another saloon naturally. The shortly-to-be nonagenarians were no glances, his hands were shapely, his forearms hard, and every hair looked as if, in the cold waterfront metaphor, it had been drove in with a tempering nail. On the card of invitation he laid on the bar was printed:

Billy Ray

Last Surviving Bare Knuckle Fighter and he wouldn't let anybody in the joint buy a drink. His purse-bearer, a large subversive Irishman who looked like a retired cop, put the money on the bar for him; the protocol recalled the days when every fighter had his retinue, with a first, second and third accredited taddy.

I asked Mr. Ray how many fights he had had, and he said: "A hundred forty. The last one was with gloves. I thought the game was getting soft, so I retired." A minute later he was telling an affectionate but indelicate story about his seventh wife, now of course dead, and shortly after that complaining of the high cost of living for a male these days, citing with regret the consumer price index on Water Street, near the East River, in 1885. "Four bits then was as good as \$8.15 today," he said.

He said he had fought George Dixon, the immortal Little Chocolate whose yellowed photograph hangs among the immortals over the Neutral Corner bar, and I felt as if he had said that he once wrestled Abe Lincoln. "But the best I ever fought was Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider," he said. "He was the cleverest man ever lived, only his hands were so broke up he wouldn't hit you a hard one on the jaw. Jabs and body blows is how he done it." Weir fought between 1885 and 1894, Dixon from 1895 to 1906; my own father saw him lose the featherweight championship to the much younger Terry McGovern in 1906, and he held Dixon was the cleverest man ever lived. He had never seen Weir. The older you are, the further back your candidate is likely to be. Ray said he had fought Dixon before the latter won his first world's title as a bantam in 1890. They were



"Make it snappy, you guys. Here comes the visiting team."

thoroughly illegal fights, for trifling sidebets in the back rooms of saloons, and they do not appear in the record books, nor do hundreds of other fights the oldtimers had.

Ray grew up in the gracious old Brooklyn of Henry Ward Beecher, in which prizefighting was as much against the law as cooking mains or dogfights, but less frowned upon, since there were no Humane Societies needing the police to stop the fat fighters. Left to their own devices the police were lenient. "A fellow named Hughie Hart ran a great place around 1882," Mr. Ray said. "It was right across the street from Calvary Cemetery and there would be dogfights in the basement, mouse fights on an upper floor, and we would be fighting on the ground floor, all at the same time. Mousemen would stop in on their way back, to take their mind off their loss. The gravediggers were old rascals with beards. They'd sit in Hughie's drinking between jobs, and when they were watching a fight you didn't quit, because they would spit your skull with a spade." Sometimes Mr. Ray and other Brooklyn fighters, like the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil—"He was the real gentleman fighter," Mr. Ray said—would invade Henry James's New York and show at (they say) George's or Harry Hill's or the Bucket of Blood, all sporting establishments that ran variety shows and pickup fights. "You would fight on a stage against a horse heavy-weight," the old gentleman said. "And the idea was to go 15 minutes without being knocked out. I weighed around 120. If you stayed you got \$1. If you looked like making it, the game was to back you up against the stage curtain and a fellow would hit you on the back of the head with a hammer. If you knew it, though, you would try to work the horse fighter up against the curtain. Then he had to come straight at you, so you could measure him for a counter. It was a nice easy touch, not like a finish fight. It took the place of sparring, and you got paid good for it."

Mr. Ray and his puny-beaver walked out to spread more invitations; Billy waltzed out as brisk as if he heard the gong for his 91st year. Mr. Goldman laughed happily. "It makes me feel young when an old guy like that comes in that was around when I just started boxing," he said. "I remember him when I was with McGovern, and he was already saying: 'You should have seen the Belfast Spider.'"

One thing you have to grant the Sweet Science, it is joined onto the neck like a man's arm to his shoulder. **END**

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STARLIGHT ON THE ALLEYS

by VICTOR KALMAN

In the glitter of the All-Star in Chicago, bowling's best shine forth in a bright new era of chromium-plated, automatic splendor

A DAY BEFORE she lost the U.S. match championship she had held for five consecutive years, Marion Ladewig, the greatest woman bowler of all time, burst into tears and announced: "Win or lose, I will never bowl in the All-Star again." That was last January (31, Jan. 31). This week the 61-year-old grandmother of Grand Rapids, Mich., along with most of the stars in the color gallery on the following pages, is rolling in the 15th annual All-Star Tournament at the Chicago Coliseum. The winners, to be crowned late Sunday night, December 18, after 10 days of bruising competition, will be U.S. champions through 1986.

Mrs. Ladewig meant it when she said she was finished with the All-Star. So did Bill Lillard of Chicago, who made the same pronouncement in 1964 yet came back for more last January and is on hand again now. Despite the punishment to mind, nerves and body—men finalists roll 84 games and women 32 in the last four days alone—the tournament has a magnetic attraction.

Charming little (4 feet 11 inches) Sylvia Wene of Philadelphia, who has proved a popular champion since her upset triumph last year, and Steve Nagy, the colorful Detroit star, will defend their titles against 63 women and 128 men who either were seeded by the sponsoring Bowling Proprietors' Association of America on the basis of past performances or who survived countryside elimination rounds. Both face tough assignments. Miss Wene must measure up against a determined Mrs. Ladewig and several other topnotchers, including Stephanie Balogh of Cleveland, who has boasted her average above 200 this season. Nagy must contend not only with the country's best bowlers but with age and a game leg as well. At 42, he is the second oldest champion in history.

The All-Star, which draws capacity crowds to the Coliseum, is more than a championship event. It is a symbol of a new and shining era for bowling, both as a sport and as an industry. The era was ushered in by a vast migration of bowling establishments from city business districts to the suburbs. Many of these alleys are palaces which cost from \$500,000 to \$1.5 million. Almost overnight, bowling has been transformed from a small-time operation run by individuals into big business.

The concerted move from Main Street to Suburbia Boulevard has had

a marked effect on the sport. The alleys, in ill repute little more than a generation ago, have become recreation centers for entire communities. Where only a few years ago the game was known chiefly as a pastime for the millions who participated (about 50 million persons will bowl this season), it is generally recognized today as a sport with high spectator interest as well, especially in the Midwest.

Nor is the sport confined to professionals. High schools in many sections of the country are awarding major letters to members of their bowling teams for the first time this season. The National Intercollegiate Bowling Championships, in which 31 college and university teams took part last spring, are assured of more than 60 entries this year.

Behind bowling's boom is a deceptively simple story. It is, largely, the story of one man, and it starts on a dismal night in January 1936.

Robert E. Kennedy, a square-jawed, stubborn Irishman who at that time was vice-president in charge of the New York Division of the Brunswick-Balke-Coleender Co., the largest manufacturer of bowling equipment for the past 110 years, sat in his office staring at a report he had written for his Chicago headquarters. It was a gloomy report and Kennedy hated to send it; for the sixth straight week he had repossessed more alleys than he had sold.

As Kennedy read, his eyes focused on one sentence: "You can't blame businessmen for not buying new alleys

when they can get old ones for half the price . . ."

That sentence not only epitomized the problem, but suggested one of the reasons for it; there had been no major change in bowling-equipment design in nearly 50 years. The sink-or-swim moment had come. Kennedy suddenly realized, to advocate a drastic solution that had been formulating in his mind for some time. The plan: streamline the alleys, add color, bring out an entire modern line which would, in one swoop, make every old alley in the country obsolete.

Brunswick's 20th Century line was introduced at the American Bowling Congress championships in the spring of 1936. The design of the new post was changed and chrome was added. Color was used for the first time. Semi-circular, leatherette-covered seats replaced the old benches. A colorful, curtain-draped drop at the end of the alley all

continued on page 37



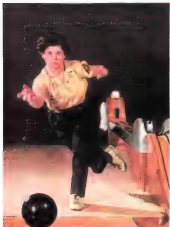
STEVE NAGY, the veteran champion, has his fifth on the line against strong new contenders, a game leg and advancing age.



DON CARTER
U.S. Champion 1952-53 and 1953-54



BOB STRICK
Toledo Match Game Champion



SYLVIA WINE
Current U.S. Women's titleholder



PEGGY SIMMONS
Winner, Detroit Women's all-stars 1949 and 1952



ED LITWANSKI
All-Star runner-up 1954-55



JAMES (JENNIE) McSHANNON
U.S. Champion 1949-50 and 1951-52



JUNE KRISTOF
Winner, Illinois Women's all-events 1954



SYLVIA PANTA
Runner-up, All-Star 1954-55



BILL LILLARD
ABC Champion team 1965



BILLY MIEL
Co-holder ABC Doubles 1964



DOTTIE CROCKER
Co-holder California Doubles 1964



SHIRLEY GARMES
Chicago Match Game Champion 1964



MARION RATHBONE

U.S. Women's Champion 1949-50 to 1953-54, winner of 'WIBC' all-events and co-holder of WIBC' Doubles 1943.

but hid the pin boy. The instantaneous success of the streamlined alley is perhaps best indicated by ABC figures: 11,635 alley beds approved for league play in 1936; 16,285 in 1937—the highest percentage increase in the history of bowling. Color attracted women to the new establishments. Membership in the Women's International Bowling Congress jumped from 13,409 in 1935 to 31,774 in 1940. Bowling, as an industry and pastime, was on the march. WIBC membership rose past 700,000 and there are more than 61,600 ABC-sanctioned alleys today.

The new, streamlined bowling centers, which cost tens of thousands of dollars compared with the thousands previously required, brought a new type of proprietor into the business. By 1938 such men as W. C. Durant, the auto magnate, had opened the first of a chain of bowling emporiums in Flint, Mich. Harry Warner converted Warner Bros. Studio One into a 52-alley layout in Hollywood. Lawyers, doctors, Wall Street brokers, baseball and movie stars jumped on the bandwagon.

The picture seemed bright, but there was a blenish: the success of these substantial businessmen, some of whom invested more than \$100,000, depended entirely upon the pin boy. Many alleys were forced to operate part time because pin actions were not available. What was needed was obvious: a machine which would set pins automatically. Bob Kennedy recognized the need and did something about it.

"In 1935," Kennedy recalled recently, "an inventor named Fred Schmidt invited me to his shop at Pearl River, N.Y. He had a machine that seemed to have everything. It was compact, workable, with not too many parts. I was enthusiastic, but my superiors in Chicago said no. In a way you can't blame them. They were a bowling concern, not a machine company. Over the years they'd poured thousands of dollars into patents and research and couldn't come up with anything good."

"Well, a year or so after we came out with the 25th Century equipment I quit Brunswick and went to another firm. I looked up Fred Schmidt again. He hadn't got anywhere with his machine. We wound up forming our own company—Schmidt, an attorney named S. F. Hartman and I. I asked Hartman which was the best machine company in the world. 'American Machine and Foundry Co.," he said. I went to see them the next day."

The rest is modern history. After trials, tribulations and war shortages, AMF started from scratch in 1946 and, in a remarkable eight months produced the first fully automatic Pinsetter, Kennedy, who meanwhile had returned to Brunswick (where he saved the billiard industry by substituting gum for impossible-to-get rubber in rackets), quit again to become vice-president of AMF Pinsetters Inc., a position he held until two years ago, when he retired. Today some 8,000 alleys are equipped with Pinsetters and installations continue at a rate of 300-plus a month.

BOUNCE'S BOOM WAS ON

With "automatic" an establishment may operate 24 hours a day (for night-shift workers), 365 days a year—and many do. Machines, on the premise of them in the near future, enabled businessmen to invest with confidence in plush suburban palaces far from the pin boy labor market but with space. Space for parking and space for spectators, neither of which the high-rental city centers could duplicate. The boom in Suburbia was on.

The revolution began by Kennedy is being continued today by the manufacturers, especially Brunswick and AMF. Two years ago, with the success of the Pinsetter assured, AMF bought the National Bowling and Billiard Corp., Brunswick's chief competitor, and produced a complete line of equipment. At the same time Brunswick feverishly set about to design a pin-setting machine of its own—and succeeded. The Brunswick Pinsetter, which underwent trials throughout the summer

at Patuxent, N.J., was viewed by hundreds of proprietors who came from all sections of the U.S. and Hawaii. Satisfied with the results, Brunswick arranged for the Otis Elevator Co. to manufacture the machine, and production started in October.

This season several manufacturers have unveiled new equipment aimed at luring customers and assisting bowlers. The most startling development is AMF's Underlane Ball Return. The ball remains out of sight from the pit to the rear of the approach, where it re-emerges onto a rack called the Single-T. While it is too early to tell what effect the Underlane will have on the industry, it is certain to change the appearance of an establishment—for the better, in this writer's view—and it has an obvious advantage to the bowler in that he is not distracted by a ball return alongside him.

The Brunswick Crown Imperial line, introduced last spring at the ABC tournament at Fort Wayne, is ultra-modern in design. A recently added feature is an electric hand drier at the end of the rack, displacing the unsanitary (and unsightly) towel.

Perhaps the real measure, however, of the change in mood and tone in bowling is a "fatigue" study in which Brunswick and the Martin-Senour Co. collaborated. As a result of the study the predominating look of the Crown Imperial line is green, a color calculated to rest—and improve—the country club sportsman, the budding intercollegiate reeler and even the high school neophyte. Heaven knows what it may do for those who are All-Star bowlers already. (CWB)



"I don't mind giving them a lift, but when they start singing, it's too much!"

Miami-in-Mexico

continued from page 21

fantastic sight. It would be built in hands around the cliff, each hand a single tier, wide enough for one table. It would have the world's most electrifying floor show: the diving boys of La Quebrada. He and Carlos Barnard went into business. They bought a four-masted 300-foot schooner that had run the Pacific for 70 years. After its retirement Hollywood had used it to film *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It was brought to Acapulco as a nightclub but it was caught in a storm and wrecked on the beach. Its priceless hardwood timbers were used to shore up the terraces. The *Rampa*, a stamping dance of the era, was then popular, and Stauffer decided to use reinforced concrete struts to support the dance floor, which literally hangs over the sea.

On his cliffside terraces Stauffer serves flamboyant dishes of flaming shrimp, such international connections

as Swiss enchiladas. He flies his steaks in from Mexico City, serves them for \$1.60 U.S. Chicken comes dished up in a coconut shell, and for lubrication there is the *coco hero*, a mix of tequila and coconut water. But nothing could be more intoxicating than the swan dive twice nightly from the top of a 126-foot cliff.

At 10:30 and 12:30 each evening at La Perla, the Stauffer-Barnard nightclub, there comes a roll of drama. Then down a long stairway that leads part-way to the sea strides a diver clad in shorts, holding in his uplifted arm a flaming torch. At the end of the stairway he flips the torch into the sea, climbs down the rest of the rock face hand over hand. At the water's edge he jumps in, swims the 16 yards or so across to the opposite shore, then climbs the sheer cliff rising there. At the top he passes for applause from

the diners on their terraces across the way. Then he steps to a little candlelit chapel, kneels and prays, rises and walks to the edge. He watches carefully until a wave nears the chasm below, then suddenly the floodlights go out, a fiery blanket of paper and kerosene is ignited on the cliff opposite, the diver springs and dives by the light of the flame.

Diving from the cliffs of La Quebrada, once a bar boy's lark, has become a glamorous profession in Acapulco. One leading diver, Raoul Garcia, is now married to Marcia Reagan, a New York model. Some 20 divers make their living at it, the youngest 15, the eldest, now in semiretirement, 39. All are knit in an organized guild which divides its members into four-hour shifts. They will jump for tours, individuals or cameramen at a more or less standard rate, but the day's biggest plum is the twice-nightly floor-show jump at Perla which pays \$19 plus whatever the hat brings in from onlookers not on club property. A diver in need of immediate cash sometimes peddles his Perla diving turn to a comrade at a premium weeks in advance.

Of the 800 dives bought by the club last year only three were canceled because of stormy weather. Stauffer has taken his divers barnstorming to a water show in Chicago, to the world high-diving championships in Panama. Although an American was killed on the Quebrada cliffs some years ago, no Mexican has ever been injured from a dive. The only casualties have been one broken wrist suffered at Panama and severe shock at Chicago when the Bureau of Internal Revenue announced the tax the divers would have to pay on U.S. earnings.

On the 12th of December the divers celebrate the day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico, with a jumping fiesta. The local padre climbs the rocks with them, and the boys cluster around the cliffside shrine and sing chorals. Then one by one they somersault off the cliffs or dive with a cape held behind them or, with all the lights turned out, they jump from the heights carrying a flaming torch.

While no other hotel can offer the spectacle of the diving boys, which indeed some guests can see from El Mirador's cottages now rambling all over the Quebrada cliffs, there are other delights too. The Club de Pesca, owned by a former policeman who made good selling Chevrolats and Pepsi Cola, is the resort's only large completely air-conditioned hotel. Encamped flush on the bay, it has its own fishing dock, its



"They had the darlin'gest Byrd cloth all jacket with fur-lined parka, but, my dear, it was \$19.98, so when they showed me this all-wool worsted gabardine at \$25, I grabbed it."

own fleet of charter boats that will take the fishermen out for sail and marlin, supply tackle, bait, crew, gas and lunch for \$29. It also keeps on hand a quarter of speedboats for water skiing, a ratamaran with sails and speedings. There are two swimming pools, one salt, one sweet; and set amid beds of yellow casahuate and pink and green *Adonis* bushes are two dozen bungalows, each with bedroom, glass-enclosed living room looking out on its own private garden. The tab is \$22 a day for two people with meals.

The handiest hotel to the beach is the Calota, which overlooks Morning Beach. With a new 100-room addition to its 160 rooms it will be the largest modern hotel in town, eclipsing the Majestic, which sits like an immense fluorescent ship on the heights, commanding a magnificent view of the harbor. Out on the point is the Prado Americana, with its blue-and-white-striped pool and a miniature golf course, but it is so far from the beach that work is soon to begin on a fusticular that will carry guests to the sands in mechanical style. High on another hilltop, with nothing but the blue Mexican sky and diamond-scattered sea and white coddle trees for shade, is the quiet Los Flamincos. It has a pink-and-green bar, and dining room with glass doors to screen the breeze and a small hilltop pool set in red brick and laid with mats. The winter rate: \$19 a day. The innkeepers: John Wayne, Fred MacMurray and Red Skelton.

A GUEST HOUSE IN A PALM GROVE

For half the rate in luxury hotels, or to be exact, for \$5.05 a day, you can live at Las Palmas, a guest house set in a seaside palm grove and operated by John Sutherland, an ex-moss officer in the U.S. Army. There are 25 rooms in the place, each with bath. There is no bar, but there are hammocks slung between palm trunks, and at the edge of the lawn a beach used both by bathers and fishermen in dugout canoes.

Whether you stay at Las Palmas or the Mirador or the Flamincos, no visitor to Acapulco, beyond a first-night man, has ever been known to wear a tie or, for that matter, a coat. Acapulco flows too as Bermuda shorts and laughs over long stockings. The Tanguis Bazaar, run by Peggy Peña, a red-headed American, and next door, La Quebrada, operated by Blaha Clyde, a Quebec-born Swede married to a celebrated R.A.F. hero, both offer the shariest of shorts. Mrs. Peña sells bullfighter pants and skirts of colorful embroidery adapted from native

Guerrero costumes. She has fish-net cape studded with pearls, black bull-fighter blouse fringed with white lace, good-luck fish tail button on the shirt. They are guaranteed for good fishing and, since guaranteed, are returnable. An adaptation is the Acapulco robe, long enough to lie on and appliqued with good-luck fish. Guaranteed for good fishing on the beach.

La Quebrada has jackets of unbleached manta cloth for both men and women, and hand-painted and hand-screened poplin shirts by Jim Tillett of Mexico City. It has designed bloomer shorts for ladies, with a tight-fitting leg; sandals of jute and patent leather for ladies, and leather sandals for men (black for evening), both at \$8.50 a pair. Down the block, Jaime's has Kleenexer jackets of unbleached manta cloth, paisley shirts made of Mexican handkerchiefs bought in local markets (\$6), and shirts with zippers on both sides to taper male waists (\$5).

No matter what the costume, there is golf the year round on the pleasant nine-hole course of the Centro Deportivo de Acapulco (greens fee: \$1.50), sailing the year around from any one of the nest of boats that cluster around the Malecon downtown. During the annual sailfish rodeo last April, entrants averaged five strikes and three fish. Some iron-arm fishermen have boasted as many as 11 snafu a day, and last year's winner weighed in at 163 pounds. Small fishing, either trolling, casting or using a spinning rod close to the rocks, will bring barracuda, parrot, dolphin, codrino, ajonot and raballo (or Florida snook, as heavy here as 60 pounds)—fighting fish all.

The Grand Plaza de Toros Caletilla is a splendid new bull ring that will seat 10,000 who climb the red steps to yellow and green seats of the perfect bowl. There are floodlights for fights that start at twilight. Nearby is the new *Acapulco Beach* where the basket-armed dervishes perform both in summer and winter. And always there is the beach to roast on and the ever-present bar boys ("you wanna planaa's punch?"), with the only care to get back to the hotel before they stop serving lunch. By that I mean that most any afternoon at four the divers are still sitting under the canopy of El Mirador's open terrace by the sea. The hors d'oeuvres cart is still going by, loaded with turtle eggs that look like deated pingpong balls and perches, which are sea barnacles nestled in beds of ice. A man has to rush through lunch a bit to get in a siesta before it's time for dinner. (RJR)

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MOTOR SPORTS

by KENNETH RUDEEN

THE OFF-TRACK BUZZ: STIRLING MOSS MAKES A CHANGE, INDY GETS AN OFFER FROM MONZA, AND A SLOW BURN HEATS UP A COLD CORVETTE

Like baseball, the international sport of motor racing has its hot stove league—and this week facts, reports and rumors were buzzing on all kinds of subjects from Stirling Moss, the top-ranking British driver, to the sports car plans of Harlow Curtice, president of General Motors.

When Moss, after streaking to second place in the world driver standings, hopped from the cockpit of his Mercedes this fall for the last time, he immediately began sorting out offers for the coming season. There were plenty of them, and he took his time. Last week he announced at last that he would be the No. 1 driver for the Italian Maserati team in 1966.

The decision did not come easily. It was inevitably complicated by the patriotic exuberance which Moss's racing successes, even though they were achieved in silver German cars, aroused in his countrymen. British sports cars had made a postwar splash, but the Grand Prix races still lagged disappointingly behind continental models. A driver of Moss's stature would add immeasurably to Britain's hopes for its home-built cars. Now that Mercedes-Benz had withdrawn indefinitely from

racing, next year could be wide open.

Moss, with characteristic flair, invited leading automotive writers to a dinner in London's West End. He put his problem squarely up to his guests. He had, he said, been offered Maserati's No. 1 position, and he thought Maserati had the best chance to win world honors. "Gentlemen," he asked, "what would you do?"

The journalists voted 9-1 for Maserati. Moss pocketed the verdict and, still uncommitted but with a handy buffer against possible public criticisms of a declaration for Italy, took a plane to New York. "I weighed it all up," Moss told me last week, "and it tipped to Maserati. First of all, there should be 19 Grands Prix next year. I think Maserati has the greatest opportunity of being at all of them. They also have sports cars, and there should be 18 really big sports car races. But I've kept open a certain number of dates for sports car races in which I hope to drive British cars."

His decision made, Moss headed for Nassau, where he will drive a British Austin-Healey in the international races this weekend. After that he will take his own Maserati to the New

Zeland Grand Prix. His first factory drive of the new season will come in mid-January in Argentina.

Italy has tossed a challenge to Indianapolis for a half-leather speed derby of fascinating implications next September on the famed Monza course, site of the Italian Grand Prix. Come to us, says dapper Giuseppe Barzagaluppi, Monza's racing director, and we'll try to beat you at your own game. Have the first five finishers in your Memorial Day "500" next May bring their Offenhausen to Italy, and we'll pay all the expenses—three men per each car. We'll have some crack European drivers in Grand Prix races on hand to make it interesting for you. Race counterclockwise, in your own fashion. Don't worry about the road course; we'll use the 2½-mile track.

The answers from Indy aren't in yet, and of course they could be no. Most fans, though, will hope the answer is yes, and at long last there will be a comparative test of U.S. and European cars—and drivers. "Frankly," said Alec Ullmann, director of the Sebring sports car race, who relayed the Italian invitation to Indianapolis, "the Europeans would like to see if the American cars really can reach the incredible speeds we claim for them."

Ever since Ford's Thunderbird took the play away from the Chevrolet Corvette, Detroit has been waiting expectantly for the slow burn of Harlow Curtice, GM's president, to produce fireworks. It has, and the display is about ready for public view. Curtice put his engineers to work on a model that would steal the Thunderbird's noise right down to the crank-up windows, and a restyled and hot new Corvette is now a reality. It will be the showpiece of the GM Motorcars at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, January 19-24 and it is a good bet to turn up in important races like the 12-hour endurance grind at Sebring.

An election scrap in the Sports Car Club of America will be forthcoming at the annual meeting next month in Detroit. A ticket headed by Jim Kimberly and Bill Lloyd, who are among the top SCCA drivers, will contest the slate which has been recommended by Charles Moran Jr., outgoing president. The Kimberly group contends that officers who are active competitive drivers will best serve the club, and that Moran's principal nominees—headed by David W. Dangler of Chicago—rarely drive in SCCA races. (ENR)



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SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS

Scottish curling, brought to American shores, loses nothing in translation

by ANDREW ERICHTON

"Ah," said the man dressed in a tartan tam-a-shanter, tweeds and an oatmeal-colored wool sweater, "it's a shame. Alex developed a twist up the line. He had a fine delivery once."

Alex, whose 40-pound curling stone was gliding snail-like down the ice, had left the safe purlieus of St. Andrews Golf Club rink in Yonkers, N.Y. and spent a vacation soaking up atmosphere and knowledge in Canada. The results were fatal, in the eyes of the man in the tam-a-shanter, the skip, or captain. Alex twisted his wrist probably a sixteenth of an inch more than he once had, in his long, smooth lay of the stone. He would be a long time working it out. Of such delicate necessities is curling made.

The sport is a curious one, but slowly gaining in adherents who have fathomed its strange ways and learned to love it. The delivery is approximately that of bowling; the court is reminiscent of shuffleboard; the scoring is close to that of horseshoes and it is played on ice.

To most first-time observers, the oddest thing about it is the sweeping, that comically serious process in which two men with brooms precede the ponderously moving stone, alternately sweeping furiously and resting. It is typical of the murky nature of the game that nobody is quite sure what the sweeping does. Theories vary from the scientific—it creates a vacuum that sucks the stone along—to the humorous—it makes for rink (team) enthusiasm. Under the baleful eye of the skip, who directs every move, the sweepers respond readily to cries of "Sweep it up" (sweep it up!) and "Ca Canay" (carefully) and appear pleased with the results.

The object of the game is simple enough. There are four men to a rink, each curls two stones during an "end" and

there are 10, 12 or 14 ends to a match, the number depending on the local rules. The stone closest to the center of the bull's-eye (called the house) gets a point and each subsequent stone that is closer than any of the enemy's is worth a point. Stones have to be in the house in order to score. Thus a side can make up to 8 points in an end, but if it did it would come in for some pretty heavy backslapping. The nearest equivalent is a perfect no-hit, no-run baseball game. Most curlers play a lifetime without seeing one.

Modern curling is hoary with Scottish tradition, but according to some historians and etymologists its burr may have been superimposed on a game of even earlier, foreign origin. Sometime in the 15th century Scotsmen started keeping records of games on frosted tarps. The first stones were thrown a short distance on the ice. Handles came in later and with them stones of all kinds weighing up to 110 pounds. The Scottish risks standardized their rules in 1638, bringing sanity and uniformity back to the stones. They now weigh between 39 and 43 pounds and the best still come from a polished granite found chiefly on the Scottish isle of Ailam Craig. Today curling is a minor national sport in Canada (there are about 175,000 active participants) and is spreading in the colder sections of the United States, where 1,500 persons play in 72 clubs.

There's a song in Canada, *Her Man's Awe' W'e'll Be*. The men would only like to think so. In the U.S. and Canada, women are playing the game too. Even so, the amenities of old are still observed. Scotland's national drink is an integral part of the game and when a bonspiel (literal translation: good talk), a match between two or more clubs, is over, there are hearty toasts aplenty to the international motto: "We're Brithers a'." (EWE)



REGULATION RINK is 136 feet long from back to head, where curler starts his play. The sweepers (center) may go in beyond the hog line ahead of an incoming stone but may sweep the ice



only as far as the toe line. Team captain (right) directs players in placement of stone. The stone closest to the center (tee) scores a point. No points are allowed for stones outside rim of circle.

SKIING

by EZRA BOWEN

A FLOCK OF FRESH GADGETS,
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SKINNERS, like golfers, keep hoping that if they buy just one more gadget their ability will improve in rough proportion to what they paid for it. Responding handsomely to this line of thinking, the equipment makers have

produced an unprecedented number of fresh items designed to make life easier on the slopes. Pictured on these pages are some of the most exciting of these products being brought out by the top designers in the U.S. and Europe.



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DRAWINGS BY JACK REYCE



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THE COLLEGES: A SECTION-BY-SECTION PREVIEW

ability of St. Louis' Jim McLaughlin.

Two of the nation's best basketball teams are midwestern independents—Dayton and Marquette. All-America Bill Uhl of Dayton gets tandem help from 6'5" Jim Paxson, hawk from series, and Marquette, a quarter-finalist in the NCAA, returns with 6'5" Terry Rand. Loyola of Chicago, Notre Dame (which lost only All-America Jack Stephens) and Cincinnati also look good.

THE WEST. What else can you say about the Pacific Coast except San Francisco and Bill Russell—plus Russell's running mate, K. C. Jones, who may also wind up as an All-American. It's a strong combination to beat—and no one really expects to beat the Dons as they aim for their second straight NCAA championship.

In the Coast Conference, Washington is loaded with height and may take the play away from the southern schools, UCLA and Southern California. The Huskies have 7-foot Gary Nelson, 6'8" sophomore Bruno Bein, and experience at every position. UCLA could win with a cast built around Morris Taft and Willie (The Whale) Naulls. Tony Paulin, a fine all-round player for Southern Cal, and little George Sellick, Stanford's standout 5'8" guard, are two of the league's stars.

Utah, with Art Bunte and the rest of last year's championship crew, is favored to win the Skyline Conference again—but things may get awfully rough. Brigham Young opened with two straight victories over UCLA and could upset Utah as it did last year. Brigham Young shines with 6'8" Henschel Pedersen and a tiny playmaker named Terry Tebbe. Close behind is Wyoming, with three good players over 6'7".

THE SOUTH. There are good basketball teams in the Southeastern Conference this year and Kentucky may not be the dominant force as in seasons past. Alabama has a squad playing together for the fourth straight year and a star in Jerry Harper. Vanderbilt and Georgia Tech could make it a race.

George Washington: first in war, first in peace and almost surely first in the Southern Conference—if it can beat West Virginia. Both rank with the nation's best and each has a first-class star, towering Joe Holup for George Washington and Hot Rod Hundley,

who took time out from clowning long enough last year as a sophomore to score 711 points for West Virginia. Furman may not scare anyone but it has a shooter who certainly will—Darrell Floyd, the nation's most awe-inspiring pointmaker with his 34.9 average last season.

North Carolina State and its high-scoring Ron Shavlik again should lead the Atlantic Coast Conference but it won't be easy. Maryland, with an ambitious schedule and most of its lettermen back, will join Wake Forest, Duke and North Carolina, the latter led by Star Larry Rosenbluth and rich with imports from the New York area, in challenging the champions.

THE EAST. Gone are Tom Gola and Dick Ricketta, who made LaSalle and Duquesne the big names of eastern basketball for the last three years. But Duquesne has back an All-American in spring-legged St. Green and a good supporting cast which misses only a strong big man. Holy Cross appears to be powerful with Helasch ranking alongside Green as the class of the area's individual stars. Niagara suffered losses but has a standout sophomore center in 6'7" Bo Ellis. Columbia, sparked by Chet Forte, appears to be one of the strong teams of the Ivy League,

along with Dartmouth. Yale's excellent 1954-55 freshman team moves up to begin causing trouble. Fordham, St. John's of Brooklyn, Syracuse and Seton Hall will win a lot of games. One of the area's best performers is little Hofstra's big Bill Theobim.

THE SOUTHWEST. As usual the Southwest Conference is anybody's race, with more good big men showing up than ever before in this weakest of all basketball sections. As in football, the balance is so delicate that anyone can win—even the favorites. In this case it's SMU, the defending champion, by a very slight margin. SMU lost only Art Barnes and this year 6'8" Jim Krebs should be even better. TCU has the area's highest scorer and a preseason selection on several All-Americans, 6'7" Dick O'Neal. But TCU may lack support for their big boy and could easily drop behind Baylor, Arkansas or Rice, the latter blessed with 6'10" Temple Tucker, who scored at a 30-point clip last year for the freshmen. Ken Loeffler faces a rugged task after transferring from LaSalle to Texas A & M (see page 12) and will probably wind up battling Texas for the cellar.

Texas Tech, with good height and a fine player in Jim Reed, seems the class of the Border Conference. (ENR)



"It's Mr. Fyfield from downstairs. He wishes if you could move those chess pieces around with less noise."

VILLAIN, VIPER, LUST AND LOVE

Sir:

Don Paul's brilliant rationale of football villainy (*Pro Football Is Piously Rough*, SI, Nov. 28) is obviously one of the brightest new developments in gamesmanship, the science of how to win without actually cheating, created some years ago by England's Stephen Potter. The importance of Mr. Paul's contribution is that it is no mere theoretical speculation, but was actually synthesized in the field, apparently through years of plotting, deigned experimentation. Mr. Paul is a doer, not merely a thinker. Like most of us gamesmen. Yet his conclusion that the safest approach to villainy is "to try to aggravate or intimidate the opponent to the point where he is giving only the minimum effort, but still stays in the game" is a brilliant theory. This "psychic decay" gambit will surely rank with Potter's own tennis play: "If you can't volley, wear purple socks." I am sure that among your many readers there are some who cannot see the difference between villains and vipers and that Mr. Paul will come in for some abuse on "sportsmanship." Theirs are the minds that also fall to see the beautifully fine line between a tax saving and tax evasion or between lust and love. We call these clods "sportsmanship-pen," a far cry from true sportsmen.

IRVING L. NARR

New York City

WHAT AN EXAMPLE

Sir:

Pro Football Is Piously Rough was quite an article and those quoted present a very interesting commentary on the state of athletics in this country.

When one analyzes the thinking of these root-and-branch Goliaths and witnesses the behavior of baseball players on questionable decisions in our ball parks, one naturally wonders whether the example set by these men is conducive to the good sportsmanship we expect from our young people.

WALTER J. ASH

Carle Place, N.Y.

I AM SORRY FOR HIM

Sir:

Rough, clean play is admirable but deliberate dirty play is shameful and cowardly. Obviously Paul does not understand the meaning of sportsmanship and fair play, and I am sorry for him and particularly for his children.

AL HARTWIG

New York City

NOT ONE BIT DIRTY

Sir:

I thought your article *Pro Football Is Piously Rough* was very good and I agree on the rough stuff part, but I can't understand why Don Paul doesn't think he is one bit dirty. I think the Lions were

perfectly justified in calling Don Paul the dirtiest player in football. As Don Paul stated, he can blame himself for the penalty near the end of the Rams-Lions game that gave Detroit a first down and later enabled them to win. But the way he talked he blames Bobby Layne, saying: "But when he saw the pass was going to miss, he suddenly remembered I had brushed him and he began hamstringing all over the joint." I really wonder what Don Paul considers "brushing."

PAUL GRANT

Detroit

LOST ART

Sir:

Although Charley Brickley was a little ahead of my time, I will remember his fame and it was very interesting to read about him in ANNIVERSARY (SI, Nov. 21). However, shouldn't it have been pointed out that Brickley was a specialist at the drop kick, an art which is dead or dying, whereas the field-goal kickers of today, even the pros, are placement kickers?

LEE PRICE

San Francisco

● Correct. Charles Brickley did drop-kick his field goals, a tricky play derived from Rugby. Since Brickley's day the ball has gradually become narrower and more pointed so as to aid the passing game. This "new" ball has made drop-kicking a lost art.—ED.

WELCOME HOME

Sir:

Here is my one dollar short meritor. Have been carrying this thing around for 10 years and four months. About time it went for a worthy cause—Olympic Fund and membership in Happy Knoll Club.

L. A. SCHULZBERG

Westport, Conn.

BOWL GAMES AND THE OLYMPIC FUND

Sir:

The chances of me or any other individual without good connections obtaining tickets to one of the coming bowl games is very small. However, thanks to television, these game time my wife and I will be right on top of that ball from our living room 50-yard-line seats. With that hot Auburn-Vanderbilt go at the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville December 31 and a choice early January 2 of either the Sugar or Cotton Bowl, topped off later in the day with that UCLA-Michigan State meet in the Rose Bowl, it sure promises to be a gala weekend.

So as not to go entirely for a free ride on this wonderful time of games, enclosed is a check to the Olympic Fund for \$6: a dollar apiece from each of us for the three games.

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Orlando, Florida

● Our thanks to the Moore family for an ingenious pay-as-you-view television plan. For Happy Knoll's Olympic Fund this has been still another record work, so thanks also to George Aberton, Waterbury, Conn.; J. V. Shafelt,



Bob Schroeder

Athens, Ga.: Robert Jones, Columbus, N.Y.; C. E. Robt. Dayton; Ridge Lammara, Avon, Pa.; John Rizer Jr., Boston, P. I.; Edwin Lee Jr., Monterey, Calif.; Rick Gale, Norman, Okla.; Gordon Seybold, Boulder, Colo.; John Cookey, Glenwood, Wash.; P. S. Lopez, Del. Valley, Ill.; Charles Deane, Detroit; Ned Garrison, Madrid, Spain; Albert Lecker, New York, Calif.; Mrs. Carson Castle, Lockport, N.Y.; Colby Brown, New Haven, Conn.; Gilbert Hie, Memphis, S. Africa; C. Bradford, H. Hoffer, J. Robinson, H. H. Hoffer, Montreal; Sarah Cohen, McKinney, Texas; C. C. Baker, Dallas; Helen Song, Wisconsin, Ill.; W. J. Grabe, Delaware, Ohio; Sam Dickey, Springfield, Mo. and many anonymous contributors. ED.

ST. LOUIS AND SOCCER

St. Louis:

I wonder how you or anyone else could possibly get a cross-section opinion or view of soccer in the United States without consulting some of the rabid fans, to say nothing of the experts, in St. Louis. Naturally I am prejudiced, being a St. Louisian and having attended the old Christian Brothers College above the sport, in this part of the country, probably originated.

Soccer has been one of the principal sports and pastimes here for generations and if you will refer to the records, you can determine that some of the best soccer players this country ever produced were born and bred in St. Louis. Thousands of soccer fans patronized both the professional and amateur soccer games, notwithstanding the most inclement weather, every weekend.

Maybe you might remember such teams as the Scullin Steel, Benn Miller and others who, time and again, won the championship of the United States and before 10,000 or more people, which is a lot of folks for a soccer game in this country.

When you talk about West Point, the first soccer coach West Point ever had was Harry Ratson of St. Louis, a great athlete and soccer player who attended old Christian Brothers here.

My memory takes me back to when the great Pilgrim team of England played soccer here against an aggregation of all-stars, the series having been played in an old National League baseball park following a series between St. Louis and Boston.

I would hate to tell you what the scores were in favor of the Pilgrims but I will say that this was over 50 years ago, so you can see that we have been at it a long time.

R. J. McDERMOTT

St. Louis

● Ah, those wonderful days—the St. Leo's, the Naval Reserves and the Innishalls, too. And along with the great Ratsons don't forget such as Rube Ponce, Hap Marre, Billy Quinn, Ribby Murphy, Duke Sheehan. Get Dent McKeenrath of the *Post Dispatch* to name the rest.—ED.

PORTRAIT OF THE PROPHECY

St. Louis:

The University of Right Answer (U.S. Dec. 5) is a witty and thorough description of Dr. Stillman's institution for ambitious boys, but I missed one thing: a picture of the palace himself. I have heard his name for years without ever seeing his likeness. What does Lee Stillman look like?

MICHAEL WICK

New Haven, Conn.

● See below for the great man himself. ED.



LEE STILLMAN

FIGERS, TRUNCHEONS AND GOD TEARS

St. Louis:

In your article *Typers, Truncheons and Tridelines* (SL, Oct. 31) describing the annual Clemson-South Carolina U. football rivalry you quote Tex Enright, the South Carolina coach, as stating on the ceremonial date of this game and saying: "This game was here before I was. It belongs to the people of South Carolina, and if they want it played in Nome, Alaska on the 20th of December, I figure we'll play it."

Stash law is forming in the Bering Sea and in a few weeks it will be frozen over. We, the people of Nome, will be isolated for the rest of the winter and will have nothing much to do, so would welcome South Carolina's traditional football game in Nome.

We extend to Coach Enright and Coach Howard and the people of South Carolina an invitation to come to Nome. We will have the white carpet which will be snow out and dog teams for transportation. We will be able to furnish fur parkas for the cheer leaders but will have to substitute Edina ice cream for hamburgers and hot dogs. For entertainment between halves there will be Eskimo blanket tossing and dancing. For neither and children we can arrange for Santa and his reindeer to be there on the 20th of December.

BOYD C. HANWOOD

Nome, Alaska

STARS AND SHIPES FOREVER

St. Louis:

I find that King Castles' royal score for other racing classes (Charlie and the Boys, SL, Nov. 21) sticks in my plebeian craw. His assurance that Star boat sailors are the best in the world is convenient in that it leaves little doubt as to where he ranks himself. However, I see little to justify his implied claim to world superiority as a sailor.

Sailors in the Star class possess an initial investment of approximately \$4,000, required to purchase a top-flight Star boat with all the trimmings. To a majority of sailors this is an expense, if not a prohibitive, expense. Even within the class this expense actually limits the field, for of the 3,683 Star boats in existence, no more than 300 could be rated top-flight boats. The fact is that owner-who-cannot afford custom-built Stars, trailers, haul-out equipment and annually new sails rare at a distinct disadvantage that has nothing to do with their sailing ability. Star boats

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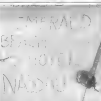
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have in effect priced themselves out of most of the competition, and any exclusiveness that results depends as much on bank accounts as on racing skill.

Then, success in the Star class has only limited validity as an index of sailing skill, and no validity as a basis for claims of superiority over other classes. Should Champion Cardenas care to discover where he really stands he might try some races without the high-priced help of Kenneth V. My suggestion would be that he step from the Stars down to earth and some peasant dinghies, where the emphasis is on the sailors and the boats are all the same.

GUSKY HOYT

Phoenix, Ariz.

● Carlos de Cardenas, who calls Star sailing "an intellectual sport," just took his second world title, with son Carlos Jr. crewing and son Jorge the runner-up. Paul H. Smart, president of the International Star Class Racing Assn., with his son Hilary, winner of the 1948 Olympic competition, believes Mr. Hoyt's charge that the Star boats have "priced themselves out of most of the competition" is unjust. Mr. Smart estimates the maximum cost of a top-flight Star to be \$5,100 with sails, and championship-caliber boats, like Skip Etchells' *Old Greenwink Star*, may be ordered for \$2,750 finished, or \$395 unfinished. Finally, the number of Stars has just jumped from 3,683 to 3,701; the Soviet Union has registered 13 of them, built by the Shipyard of Sporting Shipbuilding of the All-Union Central Soviet of the Trade Unions of Leningrad.—ED.

THE WICHITA WIZARD Sirs:

Occasionally featuring a profile of an outstanding champion of a small sailboat class is an excellent idea. However, while realizing that Mr. de Cardenas' opinions do not necessarily reflect the views of SI, we, along with 10,000 other Snipe enthusiasts, feel

that we ought to defend the good name of Snipe. Contrary to the opinion of Mr. de Cardenas, the Snipe is not a kid's boat. To support our contention, we suggest that you tell your readers about the "Wichita Wizard," Snipe Champion Ted A. Wells.

DERRICK TAZZIE

1933 Snipe Fleet Champion

JOHN HORN

1934 Mich. State Snipe

Class Champion

Grand Rapids, Mich.



THEODORE A. WELLS

● Theodore A. Wells, chief engineer of the Beech Aircraft Corporation, earned the title "Wichita Wizard" by winning numerous national and international Snipe championships. Twice the world champion Snipe sailor, Wells contributes his success to meticulous mean calculation, taking into account such minutiae as the wrinkles in his mainsail. Wells feels that Snipe competition is "much tougher" than Star boat racing because there are four times as many Snipe sailors and regattas. Furthermore, a Snipe skipper must survive regional and national competitions before qualifying for the International, where each nation is allowed one boat. Wells's next important race will be the Mid-winter International Snipe Regatta at Clearwater, Florida early this March. "Competition," says Wells, "is the only thing that makes good sailors."—ED.

SQUARE DANCE IN FRAMMIS

Sirs:

To anyone who has danced, watched or listened, it should be self-evident that the calls of the square dance sailor are a natural for Frammis (E & D, Nov. 20). This is especially true if one thinks back to one's early dancing days when one had to contend not only with the calls but also, possibly, with an exasperated caller. Joyce Hower, Jersey shirt single offer sail, respectively, died ever Kated too Dean Edwards. Collar and Oh! Snipe Square Dance Caller Champs:

Oh! Snipe pop and a snipe crash dance.

Snipe were not snipe runs dance runs.

All began laugh snipe left with you

My love,

Not to be put snipe about and a laugh

snipe.

Snipe house snipe lake snipe lake

house part.

From one side their tell you comb strap.

W. B. CROUCH

Colorado Springs, Colo.

AN "AMERICAN" SPRINGER SPANIEL

Sirs:

Undoubtedly each type of sports enthusiast thinks there is no sport like his own. But they are all wrong. All except the special field trial enthusiasts, that is. Being such an enthusiast myself, I was delighted with the interesting and colorful report of this wonderful sport (*Field Trials for Spaniels and People*, SI, Nov. 14). My only concern, however, is that you may have misled many of your uninitiated readers into believing it is strictly a sport for the wealthy socialite and not for the man of limited means. This is certainly far from the truth, as evidenced by the membership of the Cincinnati English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association, which runs the complete socio-economic gamut from Buck Wall, a 14-year-old farm boy, to David Legals, publisher of the *Cincinnati Times-Star*. . . .

While many wealthy field trial enthusiasts own large kennels with expensive, imported dogs and professional handlers, a young dog with good breeding is within the reach of most anyone, requiring mainly the time taken to train him yourself. A little effort and a homemade pigeon trap placed at some stock or feed yard (where the proprietors are usually more than anxious to rid themselves of pigeons) will usually supply all the birds you need for training. Add to this a few enthusiastic scattergun friends to act as game for you and you're in business.

Far be it for me to argue with Henry Davis, author of your field trial article and certainly one of the best-known and most respected spaniel men in the country, but I would like to point out that the imported English dogs have as monopoly on winning trials. The only reason they have been so successful is that the American breeders haven't had sufficient time or strength in numbers to really get started. However, even in the few short years these fine dogs have been worked in field trials in this country, the American-bred dogs have done remarkably well and developed many a fine champion. Given time and encouragement by articles such as yours, I can assure you the Englishmen will have a run for their money as though they don't already.

Becore springer spaniels are used in England to hunt rabbits as well as birds,



the English dog has been bred down in size for close cover so that most imports do not completely conform to the breed. In the United States, where the springer is best for pheasants, we want a bigger, busier dog with greater lung capacity and the stamina to go all day long. Most important, we want a taller dog who, when "bugged" at flush, can see above our usually high cover and "mark" the fall of the bird. Perhaps someday a larger, harder-driving breed will be standardized and known as the "American" springer spaniel.

WILFRED GENTHNER

Cincinnati

THE KIBITZER (CONT.)

Six:

In St. Nov. 28 you printed a letter from a D. Billig of Merrick, L.I., in which she attempts to explain what the expression "kibitzer" means and where it comes from.

This lady obviously has been grossly misinformed. The word *kibitzer* does not come from Yiddish but from the German language.

It means that there is a bird which inhabits the northern coast of Germany, called the *Kibitz*, which lays its eggs in other birds' nests and stands aside and watches the other birds hatch its eggs. In other words, this bird is a watcher, which is just what a kibitzer is.

About a kibitzer being a schlemiel, this is also a wrong statement because a schlemiel is a stupid or clumsy fellow and not always a pest, and there are many nice schlemiels.

SYLVAN J. BERNHEIM

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

• Although references to the *Kibitz*'s alleged cuckoo habits can be found in many an old volume on birds, it must have been a schlemiel who first claimed he actually saw one lay its eggs in another bird's nest. Actually, according to modern ornithologists, the *Kibitz* (*Vauxia russellii*), or lapwing, is a member of the plover family which builds its own nest on arable ground, hatches its own eggs and generally runs its own business. It is also known as the *Kierit*, *perit* and *peewee*, all because of its unique, scolding two-note song.—RD.



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GEORGE EVANS

Sergeant George Evans, 52, of the Darien, Conn. Police Department has never won a trap shooting championship but his students do. He is pictured above with three of his current pupils (left to right): Mrs. George Windsor, Mrs. Lucian Bloom and Mrs. C. Stanley Bouten. The sergeant's coaching talent lies in his ability to pass along the finer points without them rubbing off on himself. Primarily, however, his students are women who want to accompany their husbands on hunting trips and need a short course in gun handling to prepare for the field. That suits Evans just fine. "I think shooting is definitely a woman's game," he says. "They're most likely to be steady as far as nerves go."

PETER KREINDLER

Brown-eyed Peter Kreindler of Liberty, N.Y. has all it takes to become an Olympic speed-skating champ along about 1986. The son of David Kreindler, the manager of Grossinger's Hotel in the Catskills, 16-year-old Peter is one of the star pupils of Irving Jaffe, the Grossinger coach and three-time Olympic speed-skating champion. So far, the youngster has taken first-place ribbons in the Middle Atlantic, New Jersey State, Eastern States and Silver Skates championships. But Peter does not rest on his laurels. He knows it takes hard work to be a winner. When he isn't practicing on the Grossinger rink, he's out pedaling a bicycle over Catskill Mountain roads to strengthen his leg muscles.





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